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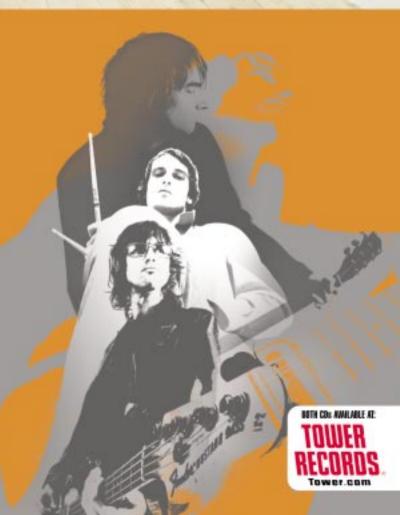
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THE BETA BAND

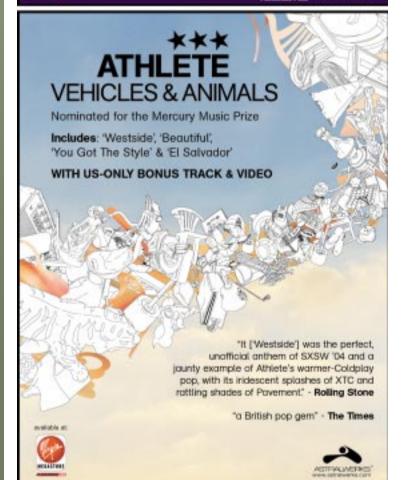
The new album from one of the UK's most innovative & adored groups Produced by the Beta Band. Mixed by Nigel Godrich.

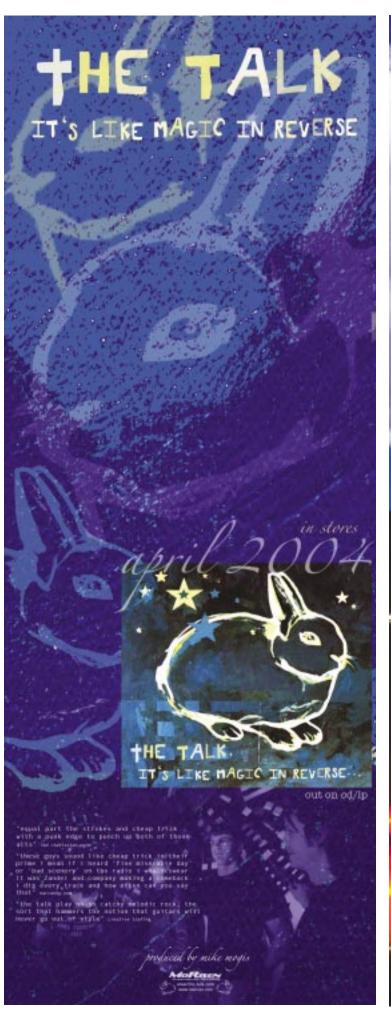
Features 'Assessment' & 'Out-Side'

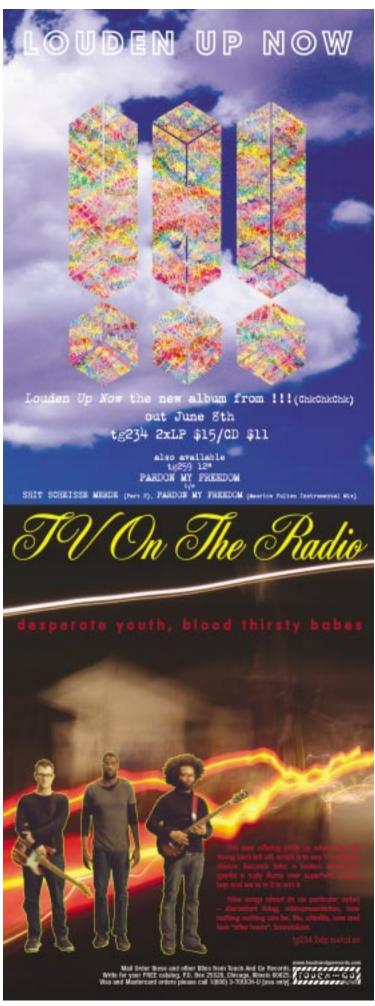


"Heroes To Zeros marks the Betas' true arrival as instruments of Brit-pop seduction." - TRACKS











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..Tuesday Weld is the *nom disque* of Landoner hallucinatory, slightly sinister 80s-cum-30s retro modernism of Terry Gilliam's Brazil.... Weld but one concern lats of levely, levely, leve mostly the bittersweet variety." -Time Out New York

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QUICK FIX 6

Pixies' Joey Santiago takes some time from all that reunioning to shake a few Martinis, and there's gold in them thar toilets in Dilated Peoples' bathroom.

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If Melissa Auf Der Maur could survive five years in close quarters with Courtney Love, launching a solo career should be no problem at all-let's just hope her venture gets off to a smoother start. Tom Lanham helps her stay out of court, for starters.

ON THE COVER: TV ON THE RADIO 41

When TV On The Radio unleashed last year's Young Liars EP and the new Desperate Youth, Blood Thirsty Babes, they rearranged the face of indie rock. Now, they'd really like it if you'd stop focusing on what color that face is, thanks. Tom Mallon waits for a signal or a sound.

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THE MARTINIS' JOEY SANTIAGO ON...

MAKING THE PIXIES STICK

We're older, α little wiser now. Not partying as much, if at all. This is a warm-up tour, a club tour. These are clubs that we would have played at before—it kind of surprised me that it sold out. The chemistry is good—the same. There's not much ruckus going around. We have a dry backstage; we have a dry bus. There's absolutely no funny business in those two areas. When people come to visit [in the] back, it's just like, "Hmmm, maybe we should go out." It keeps it a little more sane, too. It keeps you focused. You wake up earlier in the day. You wake up refreshed. You walk around town, instead of sleeping all day. You get to enjoy the surroundings more. We went through the middle of Canada. That's beautiful. We rented a scooter, and scooted around [Vancouver] island.

DWARVES FRONTMAN/MARTINIS PRODUCER BLAG DAHLIA'S WAY WITH THE LADIES

[Working with Blag on Smitten] was a little rough at times. I don't know if he knows how to treat a woman. We had a little misunderstanding perhaps, but I don't think I misunderstood anything. We just had to let him go at one point. There were a bunch of warnings [about being disrespectful]; I told him, "I know exactly what's going on because I'm married to Linda, I know what you're doing to her. Please stop..." I mean to call him and tell him overall it was a good job.

LINDA MALLARI ON...

A BIG, BIG LOVE

I had moved into Boston to go to school. I had just gotten off the road with Up With People and was sitting at the bar. I [saw Joey and] was like, "Hey, you're Filipino! I'm half-Filipino." We had this long conversation; he said, "Oh, I'm in a band." I was like, "I'm a musician too, we should write together. Where do you play?" [Laughs.] He said, "I haven't really played any shows before." [The Pixies] were about to work on their first demo for Surfer Rosa. So, I gave him my phone number and said, "Call me if you want to write some music together, or if you need someone to sing with you in the band." He said, "No, we have a chick already."

We just hit our 11-year anniversary. We try not to make it a huge deal that we're married because people think, "Okay, married couple, you know Sonny and Cher." It seems patronizing, "Oh, it's Joey's wife, must be some kind of side-project she's



making him help with or something." It's definitely a dual effort. When we first moved [to California], we started writing. Somebody lent us their four-track, and we said, "Let's play around with this thing." We were hanging out, drinking martinis and writing stuff. We used to drink a lot of martinis.

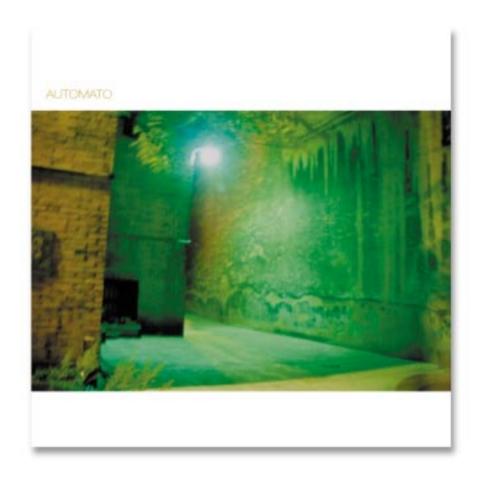
SHARING A SPOTLIGHT WITH PATTI LABELLE

I was her waitress in Boston years ago and she gave me free tickets to her show. During the concert she asked, "Does anyone want to sing?" And I was like, "Yeah!" Everybody's throwing their hands up in the air, and she says, "Come on up, girlfriend." I go up there and I'm sort of scatting and whatnot. There was an article [in the Boston Globe] about how some girl got onstage with Patti LaBelle and knew not one word to "Lady Marmalade." So I had a taste of, "Wow, the big lights, this is crazy, I love it!" Then, I found out she does that at every show.

Interview by Kory Grow.

Santiago's other band, the Pixies, will be touring through the end of 2004, and he'll be intermittently playing with his very-pregnant wife in support of the Martinis' new Smitten (Distracted).

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IN MY ROOM

WHO: Rakaa (pictured, left) of Dilated Peoples WHERE: His apartment in mid-city Los Angeles WHY: The tireless and inventive L.A. hip-hoppers have returned with the ever-bumpin' Neighborhood Watch (Capitol). >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

RING RING (HA HA HEY)

I have an entire collection of demos that I haven't ever thrown away. Most of them I haven't gotten a chance to listen to, but hundreds of 'em. Two hundred or 300 CDs of people's dreams—that's a serious undertaking.

JOHN DOUGH

The only thing in the bathroom that's different from everybody else's bathroom is a jar of coins from all around the world. You get all this change back. You can't take change and change it back to American money, so you end up with pockets full of change. So I just keep it in a jar that's in my bathroom. Most of them are really just annoying at this point because you can't do anything with them, so it's just wasted money... It's a cross between all the places I've been and all the money I've wasted. But probably all that shit together is like 10 bucks.

HONKIN' ON DOJO

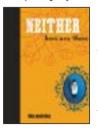
I train Brazilian jiu-jitsu, so I have books on the Gracie family, which is the family I study under. Jiu-Jitsu is a relatively humane martial art, but at the same time it's one of the most effective martial arts that there is. You're not throwing punches and kicks for the most part, it's letting people make up their own mind. "Do you wanna go ahead and let this slide because your arm is contorted? Or because you're about to go to sleep? You can go ahead and tap it out and we can let this slide."

ARTIST APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S

OFFICE PERKS FOR US JERKS

Carpark Records mastermind Todd Hyman has opened a no-wave Pandora's box with his **Acute Records** imprint: Glenn Branca's 1980 microtonal punk-throb guitar army composition *Lesson No. 1* and Metal Urbain's *Anarchy In Paris* (a comprehensive discography of the French Stooges via-Suicide synth-punks) are finally available on CD thanks to the tireless and unbroken Hyman. It's certainly cheaper than spending all your hard-earned scrilla on the latest





Sonic Youth, Mission Of Burma, A.R.E. Weapons, Le Tigre, Chromatics, Semiautomatic...

We honestly have no idea what approximately 150 of the pages in the lavishly illustrated, 200-something-page **Melvins book** *Neither Here Nor There* have to do with the Melvins... But buy it anyway—the Melvins are the sweetest fucking band, like, ever!

If *CMJ* ruled the world, K-Rock would play Radiohead and Lightning Bolt all day and rappers would only spit over MF Doom beats. Get one step closer to utopia with the two-disc *Special Blends Vol. 2* (Nature Sounds), where acappellas from hip-hop's grittiest (M.O.P, Ghostface Killah, Mobb Deep) and wittiest (De La Soul, Public Enemy, MC Lyte) get crushed under the blunted, jagged beats of the Metal Faced Villain. If that's not enough, DJ Food Stamp



mixes 17 more tracks on *M.F. Doom Blends*, an exclusive combo of Doom beats and new-school treats (Pharoahe Monch, Nas, Dead Prez) that's free(!) whenever you cop any Doom release on undergroundhiphop.com.



One of the most revered videos in punk's underground tape-trading network, *The Cramps Live At Napa State Mental Hospital* (MVD), shows the shimmying and shaking psychobilly band tearing it up for a bunch of shimmying and shaking mental patients! Filmed in 1978, the peak of their creative output, the band works up the "committed" crowd of mic-grabbing, arm-swinging crazies to the point where even the giant mute Indian is singing along to "Human Fly."



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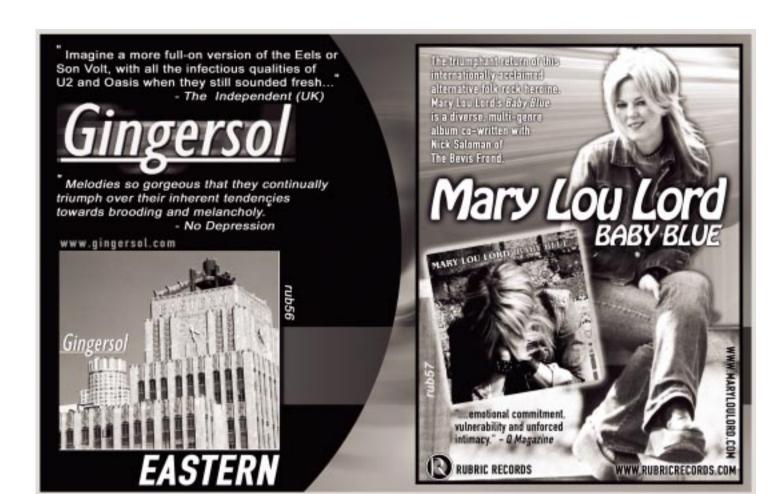
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WILLY MASON

ended up waking up on the Bright Eyes tour bus in Vermont, and Conor invited me up on stage that night to play," 19-year-old singer/songwriter Willy Mason recounts. "I had never played off the island [before]." The island is Martha's Vineyard, and Mason, whose previous performance on a local Massachusetts radio station eventually led to catching Oberst's ear, took that big break and ran with it, signing to the Bright Eyes kingpin's new Saddle Creek-distributed label, Team Love. He may not have traveled much, but Mason's curious folk and blues still suggests he's lived other lives, working odd jobs and leaving loves behind across the land—even if the real stories are a bit more tame. "I went through a phase where there was this one girl I wrote letters to, and I started writing songs as if they were letters. When I did that it broke down all the rules. Having someone specific to write for allowed me to go deeper into different brands of humor and inside jokes, which it turns out everyone knows about." His parents, both accomplished songwriters themselves, bolstered his early interest in everything from musical theater to classic country. But lately, Mason's found his inspiration hanging out in the streets of New York, tape recorder in hand, while he polishes off his Team Love debut due in the fall. "It's been such a huge stimulus just watching people going by... having conversations with homeless folks and rich folks," he says. "I just stand there and wait for someone to talk to, which doesn't take long." >>>STEVE CLABATTONI









BLACK DICE

hen something is really loud, it just puts it in this other context," says Aaron Warren, noise-harnesser for hazy Brooklyn sound experimentalists Black Dice. "There could be a sound, like a cricket, that you hear really quietly; but when it's really, really loud, it's just unlike anything you've ever heard." Black Dice's sophomore full-length, the animal-themed Creature Comforts (DFA), is full of nebulous swooshes, jarring swoops and ethereal beastie calls—all of which are as fantastical and unexplored by humans as a Maurice Sendak jungle. "We have to name parts, certain kinds of sounds," says Warren. "It's pretty stupid sounding. We'll have a part called 'the jet part,' 'the swooshy part,' 'dog-barking part."" All of this unholy racket (the closest analogues are electro-acoustic weirdos like Varèse, free-Kraut weirdos like Cluster and noiserock weirdos like Wolf Eyes) is made by just three guys (having recently parted ways with their drummer, and currently going drummerless rather than having to teach someone their "musical language"), a single guitar, a whole shitload of pedals and lots of volume. "It's really expensive to be a loud band," says Warren. "Gear is totally not a joke. It costs thousands of dollars a year in speakers. You blow them, you have to rethink the setup. It's a labor of love." >>>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

(oh-ya-ya)

noun.

 a. A feeling of great pleasure or happiness; joy. b. The expression of such feeling.
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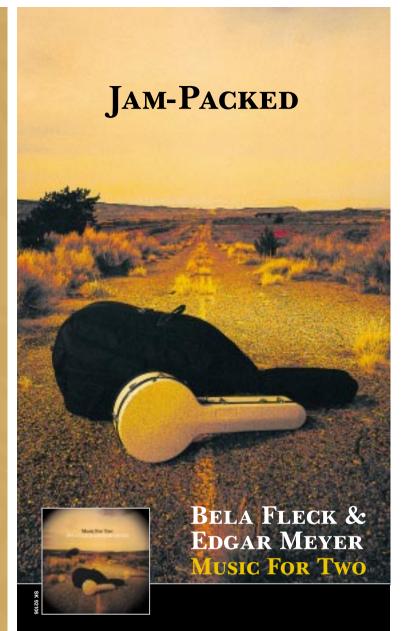
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HANGAR



hey were nervous about us going out on tour," says
Alaska, burly MC for New York's Hangar 18. "We
did one date with [Def Jux drunkcore group] S.A.
Smash at Clark University and it just turned into complete
bedlam. We brought a bottle of absinthe. Within 15 minutes
the place was covered in water, alcohol, grapefruit juice,
food." Adds paWL, the soft-spoken producer of Hangar's

bombastic beats, "I think the tour manager summed it up best: Thanks, Hangar, I can never go back to Clark!" Although Alaska, paWL and MC Windnbreez sound like barfing, beer-spraying beastie brats, the trio—perched at a table in their fave Brooklyn haunt, fresh out of work, clad in button-downs and neatly-trimmed facial hair, professing love for Dave Eggers and RPGs—proves merely to be weekend warriors of the highest caliber. Promoting the hyper-eloquent double-speed indie-crunk of The Multi-Platinum Debut Album (Definitive Jux), the crew did a mere 10 days on the nationwide Jux tour because Windnbreez could only take spring break off... due to his day job as a first-grade teacher. "We probably would have drank ourselves into a coma if we did the whole thing," says Alaska, who also daylights as an ad sales rep for a trade rag, taking days off when he can. "It's a rigorous schedule. But soon Rock 'N' Roll Camp is gonna be reality." >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

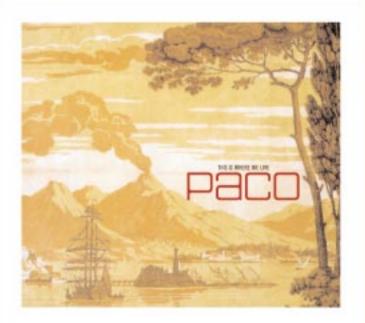




ccording to songwriter Alex Dezen, his is the ultimate New York band. The Damnwells' acoustic-alternative doesn't seem to fit the NYC garage-overflow sound, but with its four members originally hailing from all over the U.S. and convening in the big city a few years ago, the band represents a more important New York characteristic. "We're a genuine melting pot and it ends up we just fit in all the better," Dezen says. But the Damnwells set their sights outside Manhattan, as well: From a modest start two years ago, they began rocking hot venues in the Northeast, quickly gaining ground by joining tours with Cheap Trick, Josh Rouse and the Old 97's. Attention from touring and 2002's PMR + 1 EP led to a deal with Epic, who've released Bastards Of The

Beat, a debut LP rich with texture and sharp melodies. With a cast notably including former Whiskeytown drummer Steven Terry, the band upholds a rugged sincerity, equally smacking of the Anthology Of American Folk Music and the sparkly pop charm of Matthew Sweet or, for what it's worth, Better Than Ezra. Infectious catch-alls like "The Sound" and "Sleepsinging" charge with bustling choruses and harmonies, and "Newborn History" could've fallen straight off the Wilco truck. Dezen thinks there's something for everyone, particularly in their live show. "It's a miracle that people even come out to see shows anymore," he says. "People go out to be a part of something, so we give them something to be a part of. When we play a show, I promise, we'll try." >>>KATIE HASTY

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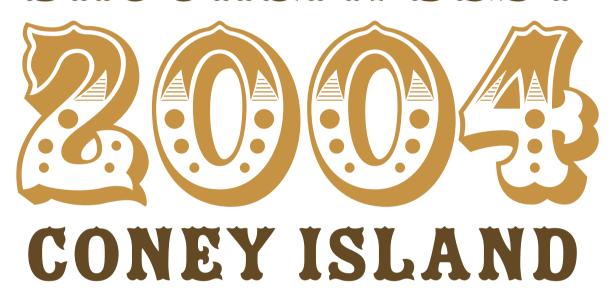


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ISSUE 866 Perhaps based on the splendor of his electro-symphonic curiosity Bodysong from earlier this year, the mighty BBC has tapped Radiohead guitarist and soundshaper Jonny Greenwood to be its latest Composer In Residence. Greenwood immediately accepted, thinking it meant he'd get a place to sleep at the BBC, but it actually means he'll be writing works for the BBC Concert Orchestra to be played mostly on the BBC's Radio 3 (what, he's not good enough for Radio 1, you stuffy ponces!?). Greenwood replaces Academy Award-winning film composer and founding member of Art Of Noise Anne Dudley in the role. Greenwood's Bodysong was also nominated for an Ivor Novello

award, which is given out to British artists, because we dolts in the States have absolutely no idea who Ivor Novello was.

★ Red Hot Chili Pepper John Frusciante is taking that idle-handsdoing-the-devil's-work thing pretty seriously. He plans to release six albums by the end of the year, the first being *The Will To Death*. Other releases will include an album released under the name Ataxia, a project with Josh Klinghoffer and Fugazi's Joe Lally. All six albums will be released by Record Collection and will be available on vinyl and CD. Six albums in six months? You've got some catching up to do, Mission Of Burma!

★ Lenny Kravitz, accompanied by his freshly ironed hairdo, in celebration of his CD *Baptism*, actually friggin' *baptized* fans in a mass ceremony in New York City. Fans could also download a certificate from Lenny's website to commemorate the occasion. While the stunt struck many as sacrilegious, it's nowhere near the scandal it could have been. Imagine if Lenny would have embraced his Jewish side and called the album *Briss!*



The inside of Grimey's New And Preloved Music in Nashville was packed with people thirsty for mead... David Mead! The indie-AAA troubadour was supposed to be part of a raucous BBO throwdown with local band the Bees. "We planned to have a backyard party-two bands with a keg of beer-and it rained. Still the people came," says co-Grimester Doyle Davis, who moved the party inside Grimey's tight little quarters (so tight that the CMJ Mobile (see product placement photo) appears to be in the bathroom). "It was a little uncomfortable at times, but it went well... The more-claustrophobic people came and turned around and to leave. And we still got free beer!"



Who were those masked mooks? **Slipknot**, the most famous masked nonet in America (except for our Supreme Court justices during their *Eyes Wide Shut* parties), stopped by Colorado Springs staple Independent Records And Video to sign autographs and smell the insides of hot rubber masks all frigging day. The group signed more than 400 autographs in less than 90 minutes, all for the love of their adoring fans (pictured) many of which came dressed as their favorite band member. Let's see, there's "Summer Job Skeletor." Next to him is "Peter Criss If He Smoked A Lot Of Pot." And then there's "Pretty Girl Who Can Expect A Phone Call From A Certain *CMJ* Associate Editor After She Gets Three Years On Her And A Couple Of **Modest Mouse** Albums."



TOP 5



MODEST MOUSE



MISSION OF BURMA



OF MONTREAL



LORETTA LYNN



CALEXICO

Chart information is based on combined airplay reports from CMJ's panel of college, commercial and non-commercial radio stations. Statistics are compiled from point totals tabulated from positions (1-30) of artists on airplay reports, then multiplied by station code factor (based upon market size, market impact and market reach). Visit www.cmj.com/mm. © 2004 The CMJ Network, 151 W. 25th St., 12th Floor, New York, NY 10001.

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		0111	DI/	14440		LARE
TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	1	1	11	MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who Love Bad News	Epic
2	3	3	2	5	MISSION OF BURMA ONOFFON	Matador
3	2	2	2	5	OF MONTREAL Satanic Panic In The Attic	Polyvinyl
4	8	22	4	5	LORETTA LYNN Van Lear Rose	Interscope
5	4	4	4	5	CALEXICO Convict Pool	Quarterstick-Touch And Go
6	7	7	6	4	ROCK AGAINST BUSH VOL 1 Various Artists	Fat Wreck Chords
7	17	18	7	5	ARCHITECTURE IN HELSINKI Fingers Crossed	Bar None
8	28		8	2	BETA BAND Heroes To Zeros	Astralwerks
9	19	34	9	4	SECRET MACHINES Now Here Is Nowhere	Reprise
10	13	23	10	5	JOLIE HOLLAND Escondida	Anti
11	10	24	10	4	FRENCH KICKS Trial Of The Century	Startime International
12	11	25	11	5	PATTI SMITH Trampin'	Columbia
13	31	43	13	4	ASOBI SEKSU Asobi Seksu	Friendly Fire
14	20		14	2	PEDRO THE LION Achilles Heel	Jade Tree
15	6	5	2	7	IRON AND WINE Our Endless Numbered Days	Sub Pop
16	23	16	16	4	MUM Summer Make Good	Fat Cat
17	22	13	13	5	RATATAT Ratatat	XL-Beggars Group
18	_	_	18	1	SONIC YOUTH Sonic Nurse	Geffen
19	18	37	18	5	MIRAH C'mon Miracle	K
20	15	19	15	7	AMBULANCE LTD Ambulance LTD [LP]	TVT
21	35	52	21	3	DIVISION OF LAURA LEE Das Not Compute	Epitaph
22	5	6	4	7	BEN KWELLER On My Way	ATO-RCA
23	12	10	5	11	FRANZ FERDINAND Franz Ferdinand	Domino
24	14	14	14	8	DAVID BYRNE Grown Backwards	Nonesuch
25	9	8	8	5	TORTOISE It's All Around You	Thrill Jockey
26	26	30	26	5	DEVENDRA BANHART Rejoicing In The Hands	Young God
27	177	_	27	2	MATT POND PA Emblems	Altitude
28	25	26	24	5	BRIGHT EYES/NEVA DINOVA One Jug Of Wine, Two Vessels	Crank!
29	32	40	29	4	FEVER Red Bedroom	Kemado
30	62		30	2	THERMALS Fuckin' A	Sub Pop
31	29	11	2	10	BLONDE REDHEAD Misery Is A Butterfly	Beggars Group-4AD
32	48	88	32	3	MCLUSKY The Difference Between Me And You	Pure-Beggars Banquet
33	16	9	9	7	VINES Winning Days	Capitol
34	30	20	20	5	THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS Indestructible Object	Barsuk
35	21	12	8	8	DESCENDENTS Cool To Be You	Fat Wreck Chords
36	51	68	36	4	KOMEDA Kokomemedada	Minty Fresh
37	50	61	37	4	!!!/OUTHUD Lab Remix Series Vol. 2	GSL
38	49	78	38	3	WE RAGAZZI Wolves With Pretty Lips	Suicide Squeeze
39	24	15	2	10	DEERHOOF Milk Man	5RC-Kill Rock Stars
40	34	32	32	5	MY MORNING JACKET Acoustic Citsouca	ATO-RCA
41	27	29	21	5	ONELINEDRAWING The Volunteers	Jade Tree
42	40	47	34	5	LALI PUNA Faking The Books	Morr Music
43	_	_	43	1	LES SANS CULOTTES Fixation Orale	Aeronaut
44	126	_	44	2	JUANA MOLINA Tres Cosas	Domino
45	38	44	38	5	OLYMPIC HOPEFULS The Fuses Refuse To Burn	2024
46		_	46	1	MORRISSEY You Are The Quarry	Attack-Sanctuary
47	46	51	46	5	DILATED PEOPLES Neighborhood Watch	Capitol
48	45	46	45	5	TRACKS AND FIELDS Various Artists	Kill Rock Stars
49	65	57	49	4	VEILS The Runaway Found	Rough Trade
50	53	86	50	4	BRAZIL A Hostage And The Meaning Of Life	Fearless

CIVIJ RADIO 150 PERIOD ENDING 5/18/2004 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 383 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY WWW.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TIM	I NA/	2047	DI/	NA/I/C	ADTICT . TITLE	LADEL
TW 51	LW 57	2W	PK 36	WKS 6	ARTIST + TITLE MUSE Absolution	LABEL Warner Bros.
52	33	27	11	9	VON BONDIES Pawn Shoppe Heart	Sire-Reprise
53	43	33	23	6	SEACHANGE Lay Of The Land	Matador
54	93	33	54	2	AUF DER MAUR Auf Der Maur	Capitol
55	37	17	17	7	SUFJAN STEVENS Seven Swans	Sounds Familyre
56	66	36	27	6	LANSING-DREIDEN The Incomplete Triangle	Kemado
57	67	116	57	3	OZOMATLI Street Signs	Concord
58	70	41	14	8	SONDRE LERCHE Two Way Monologue	Astralwerks
59	83	67	59	3	ICARUS LINE Penance Soiree	V2
60	44	49	44	5	ERLEND OYE DJ-Kicks	!K7
61	60	97	60	5	BUMBLEBEEZ 81 Printz	Modular
62	114	3/	62	2	READ YELLOW Radios Burn Faster	Fenway
63	36	28	16	8	TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS True Love	V2
64	88	20	64	2	CATHETERS Howling It Grows And Grows!!!	Sub Pop
65	42	21	1	9	TV ON THE RADIO Desperate Youth, Blood Thirsty Babes	Touch And Go
66	64	112	64	3	LOS LOBOS The Ride	Hollywood
67	138	122	67	3	THIS MOMENT IN BLACK HISTORY Midwesterncuttalistick	Version City
68	71	124	68	4	MARTINIS Smitten	Distracted
69	39	31	9	11	SNOW PATROL Final Straw	Interscope
70	75	106	70	4	REPUTATION To Force A Fate	Lookout!
71	55	38	31	7	MADVILLAIN Madvillainy	Stones Throw
72	169	30	72	2	DEAR NORA Mountain Rock	Magic Marker
73	175		73	3	SLICKER We All Have A Plan	Hefty
74	63	62	62	5	PARIS, TEXAS Like You Like An Arsonist	New Line
75	54	65	54	5	KILLERS Somebody Told Me [EP]	Island
76	118	00	76	2	MAGNETIC FIELDS	Nonesuch
77	84	127	77	5	ON THE SPEAKERS On The Speakers [EP]	Universal
78	102	131	78	3	BLUE NOTE REVISITED Various Artists	Blue Note
79	107	152	79	3	SAM PHILLIPS Boot And A Shoe	Nonesuch
80	47	56	39	9	JEM Finally Woken	ATO-RCA
81	79	58	58	5	SLEEP STATION After The War	Eyeball
82	_	_	82	1	ARTO LINDSAY Salt	Righteous Babe
83	101	74	53	5	MURS Murs 3:16: The 9th Edition	Definitive Jux
84			84	1	SLOAN Action Pact	Koch
85	78	137	78	3	BROKEN SPINDLES Fulfilled/Complete	Saddle Creek
86	41	39	31	5	N.E.R.D. Fly Or Die	Virgin
87	127	_	87	2	OWEN The EP	Polyvinyl
88	56	35	10	9	GET UP KIDS Guilt Show	Vagrant
89	113	162	89	3	JAMES CHANCE Sax Education	Tiger Style
90	99		90	2	CONNECT / INSOUND RARITIES SAMPLER VOL. 1 Various Artists	Insound
91	77	119	77	4	KICKS Hello Hong Kong	TVT
92	52	48	25	7	EAGLES OF DEATH METAL Peace Love Death Metal	AntAcidAudio
93	110	155	93	4	EX-GIRL Endangered Species	Alternative Tentacles
94	90	195	90	3	REGGIE AND THE FULL EFFECT Greatest Hits 1984-1987	Vagrant
95	82	60	60	6	PATTY GRIFFIN Impossible Dream	ATO-RCA
96	96		96	2	RAISING THE FAWN The North Sea	Sonic Unyon
97	106	105	97	3	SIGUR ROS ba ba ti ki di do	Geffen
98	_	_	98	1	FREEZEPOP Fancy Ultra-Fresh	Archenemy
99	97	63	35	7	COCOROSIE La Maison De Mon Reve	Touch And Go
100	89	64	23	9	DESTROYER Your Blues	Merge
		1 .		L		0190

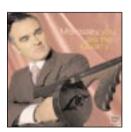
DEBUTS



SONIC YOUTH



LES SANS CULOTTES



MORRISSEY



ARTO LINDSAY



SLOAN



MOVERS



MATT POND PA



SLICKER



DEAR NORA



JUANA MOLINA



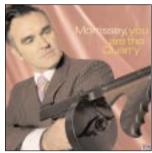
THIS MOMENT IN BLACK HISTORY

CIMJ RADIO 150 PERIOD ENDING 5/18/2004 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 383 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT WWW.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

					•	
TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
101	69	85	69	5	SIMPLE KID Simple Kid # 1	Vector
102	74	91	74	4	MEOW MEOW Snow Gas Bones	Devil In The Woods
103	124	149	103	3	BOYSKOUT School Of Etiquette	Alive
104	116	_	104	2	OCEANSIZE Effloresce	Beggars Banquet
105	117	154	105	5	CHOMSKY Let's Get To Second	Aezra
106	59	50	26	6	WEEZER Weezer (Blue Album)	Geffen
107	152	_	107	2	FRIENDS OF DEAN MARTINEZ Random Harvest	Narnack
108		404	108	1	CAROLYN MARK AND NEW BEST FRIEND The Pros And Cons Of Colla	
109	92	134	92	5	'	MUSIC-Waxploitation-BMG
110	85	76	71	5	ON!AIR!LIBRARY! On!Air!Library! BEAUTIFUL MISTAKE This Is Who You Are	Arena Rock
111 112	103	93	76	5		Militia Group Makeshift
113	141	_	112	2	COACH AND FOUR Unlimited Symmetry PIVES Ways Of Mutilation: Part Of Piving	
114	98 134	— 7E	98	2 5	PIXIES Wave Of Mutilation: Best Of Pixies SHANNON WRIGHT Over The Sun	4AD-Beggars Group Quarterstick
115	73	75 55	75 50	5	AUTOPILOT OFF Make A Sound	Island
116	68	53	47	7	HURT PROCESS Drive By Monologue	Victory
117	86	94	86	5	DJ SIGNIFY Sleep No More	Victory
118	58	72	58	4	CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN Sampler	Cooking Vinyl
119			119	1	PINK GREASE This Is For Real	Mute
120	61	45	36	9	ELF POWER Walking With The Beggar Boys	Orange Twin
121	140	157	121	3	GOMEZ Split The Difference	Virgin
122	_		122	1	BLACK CAT MUSIC October November	Lookout!
123	80	59	1	13	WALKMEN Bows And Arrows	Record Collection
124	_	_	124	1	DYKEHOUSE Midrange	Ghostly International
125	157	_	125	2	ANGELIQUE KIDJO Oyaya!	Columbia
126	104	143	104	3	ALKALINE TRIO/ONE MAN ARMY BYO Split Series: Volume V	ВУО
127	174	190	127	4	YOUNG HEART ATTACK Mouthful Of Love	XL-Beggars Group
128	_	_	128	1	SHANTI PROJECT COLLECTION 3 Various Artists	Badman
129	166	181	129	4	OLLABELLE Ollabelle	Columbia
130	105	121	98	4	OXFORD COLLAPSE Some Wilderness	Kanine
131	186		131	2	BEASTIE BOYS "Ch-Check It Out" [single]	Capitol
132	100	95	95	4	GLENN BRANCA Lesson No. 1	Acute
133	144	126	34	11	NELLIE MCKAY Get Away From Me	Columbia
134	91	77	34	5	ETERNAL SUNSHINE OF THE SPOTLESS MIND Soundtrack	Hollywood
135	123		123	2	ACID MOTHERS TEMPLE AND THE MELTING PARAISO UFO Mantra	Of Love Alien8
136	76	54	50	5	JOHN WILKES BOOZE Five Pillars Of Soul	Kill Rock Stars
137	94	66	66	4	SLUTS OF TRUST We Are All Sluts Of Trust	Chemikal Underground
138	125		125	2	DESOTO REDS Hanglide Through Yer Window	Floating Man
139	159		139	2	MATCHES E Von Dahl Killed The Locals	Epitaph
140			140	1	YOUR ENEMIES FRIENDS You Are Being Videotaped	Buddyhead
141	161	156	136	5	DEFINITIVE JUX PRESENTS III Various Artists	Definitive Jux
142			142	1	PLACES Call It Sleep	Hush
143	_		143	1	AUDIO KARATE Lady Melody	Kung Fu
144	81	70	4	10	FIREWATER Songs We Should Have Written	Jetset
145	185	_	145	2	LOVERS The Gutter And The Garden	Orange Twin
146			146	1	JAMIE CULLUM Twentysomething	Verve
147	87	79	19	10	ZERO 7 When It Falls	Elektra
148	129	90	76	7	BUTCHIES Make Yr Life	Yep Roc
149	132	148	132	3	UNITED STATE OF ELECTRONICA U.S.E.	B-Side
150	183	107	100	6	METAL BOYS Tokio Airport	Acute

RADIO 150 ADDS COMPILED FROM NEW ALBUM BEING SPUN BY STATIONS. PERIOD ENDING 5/18/2004 www.cmj.com

POSITION	TOTAL ADD:	S ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	131	MORRISSEY You Are The Quarry	Sanctuary
2	130	MAGNETIC FIELDS	Nonesuch
3	103	PIEBALD All Ears, All Eyes, All The Time Si	de One Dummy
4	69	LOW A Lifetime Of Temporary Relief Cha	irkickers Union
5	55	HAWTHORNE HEIGHTS The Silence In	Victory
6	52	GOMEZ Split The Difference	Virgin
7	50	FELIX DA HOUSECAT Devin Dazzle	Emperor Norton
8	49	APES Tapestry Mastery	Birdman
9	48	RACHAEL YAMAGATA Happenstance	RCA Victor
10	47	TAPES N TAPES Tapes N Tapes	lbid
11	41	DETACHMENT KIT Of This Blood	French Kiss
12	40	SQUAD FIVE-0 Late News Breaking	Capitol
13	38	KINISON What Are You Listening To?	Atlantic
14	32	KEANE Hopes And Fears	Interscope
15	32	DELAYS Faded Seaside Glamour	Rough Trade
16	31	FANCEY Fancey	March
17	31	HONORARY TITLE Anything Else But The Truth	Doghouse
18	27	ATHLETE Vehicles And Animals	Astralwerks
19	27	FASTBALL Keep Your Wig On	Rykodisc
20	27	GOOD LIFE Lovers Need Lawyers	Saddle Creek



MORRISSEY



MAGNETIC FIELDS



#1 **MODEST MOUSE**



MISSION OF BURMA

CORE PERIOD ENDING 5/18/2004
CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 97
VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
WWW.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WK	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1 1	200	1	6	MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who Love Ba	
2	2	2	2	4	MISSION OF BURMA ONORFON	Matador
3	4	3	3	5	OF MONTREAL Satanic Panic In The Attic	Polyvinyl
4	5	14	4	4	LORETTA LYNN Van Lear Rose	Interscope
5	3	4	2	5		arterstick-Touch And Go
6	14	16	6	5	ARCHITECTURE IN HELSINKI Fingers Crossed	Bar None
7	19	31	7	3	ASOBI SEKSU Asobi Seksu	Friendly Fire
8	30	_	8	2	BETA BAND Heroes To Zeros	Astralwerks
9	9	8	8	4	PATTI SMITH Trampin'	Columbia
10	13	9	9	4	MUM Summer Make Good	Fat Cat
11	6	5	2	7	IRON AND WINE Our Endless Numbered Days	Sub Pop
12	12	17	12	4	ROCK AGAINST BUSH VOL 1 Various Artists	Fat Wreck Chords
13	10	21	10	5	MIRAH C'mon Miracle	K
14	15	15	14	4	DEVENDRA BANHART Rejoicing In The Hands	Young God
15	26	20	14	5	RATATAT Ratatat	XL-Beggars Group
16	22	47	16	3	SECRET MACHINES Now Here Is Nowhere	Reprise
17	20	24	17	5	JOLE HOLLAND Escondida	Anti
18	11	13	3	11	FRANZ FERDINAND Franz Ferdinand	Domino
19	8	6	6	5	TORTOISE It's All Around You	Thrill Jockey
20	18	28	18	4	FRENCH KICKS Trial Of The Century	Startime International
21	21	_	21	2	PEDRO THE LION Achilles Heel	Jade Tree
22	23	33	22	6	AMBULANCE LTD Ambulance LTD [LP]	TVT
23	24	12	1	10	BLONDE REDHEAD Misery Is A Butterfly	Beggars Group-4AD
24	17	18	14	7	DAVID BYRNE Grown Backwards	Nonesuch
25	35	56	25	3	DIVISION OF LAURA LEE Das Not Compute	Epitaph
26	44	68	26	4	!!!/OUTHUD Lab Remix Series Vol. 2	GSL
27	25	19	19	5	THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS Indestructible Object	Barsuk
28	16	10	1	9	DEERHOOF Milk Man	5RC-Kill Rock Stars
29	_	_	29	1	SONIC YOUTH Sonic Nurse	Geffen
30	_	_	30	1	JUANA MOLINA Tres Cosas	Domino
31	28	36	28	5	LALI PUNA Faking The Books	Morr Music
32	7	7	7	6	BEN KWELLER On My Way	ATO-RCA
33	51	_	33	2	MCLUSKY The Difference Between Me And You	Pure-Beggars Banquet
34	45	63	34	3	KOMEDA Kokomemedada	Minty Fresh
35	_	_	35	1	LES SANS CULOTTES Fixation Orale	Aeronaut
36	_	_	36	1	MATT POND PA Emblems	Altitude
37	31	32	27	5	BRIGHT EYES/NEVA DINOVA One Jug Of Wine, Two	Vessels Crank!
38	27	11	11	7	SUFJAN STEVENS Seven Swans	Sounds Familyre
39	37	41	37	4	TRACKS AND FIELDS Various Artists	Kill Rock Stars
40	29	22	13	7	DESCENDENTS Cool To Be You	Fat Wreck Chords
41	39	50	39	4	DILATED PEOPLES Neighborhood Watch	Capitol
42	54	51	42	3	MY MORNING JACKET Acoustic Citsouca	ATO-RCA
43	43	23	21	6	MADVILLAIN Madvillainy	Stones Throw
44	R	43	43	4	MUSE Absolution	Warner Bros.
45	_	_	45	1	MAGNETIC FIELDS	Nonesuch
46	63	_	46	2	JAMES CHANCE Sax Education	Tiger Style
47	_	_	47	1	MORRISSEY You Are The Quarry	Sanctuary
48	_	_	48	1	THERMALS Fuckin' A	Sub Pop
49	36	44	36	4	FEVER Red Bedroom	Kemado
50	41	70	41	3	LOS LOBOS The Ride	Hollywood



HIPHOP | PERIOD ENDING 5/18/2004 | CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 152 | VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT | WWW.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	IW	2W	PΚ	wks	ARTIST + TITLE LABEL
1	1	1	1	8	MADVILLAIN Madvillainy Stones Throw
2	2	2	2	9	MURS Murs 3:16: The 9th Edition Definitive Jux
3	3	3	2	9	DIVERSE One A.M. Chocolate Industries
4	5	4	4	5	DJ SIGNIFY Sleep No More Lex
5	10	11	5	5	AUTOMATO Automato Capitol
6	9	5	5	9	DILATED PEOPLES Neighborhood Watch Capitol
7	6	13	6	5	GHOSTFACE KILLAH The Pretty Toney Album Def Jam-IDJMG
8	8	6	6	5	DEAD PREZ RBG Columbia
9	4	7	4	6	AZEEM/VARIABLE UNIT Mayhemystics Wide Hive
10	7	8	7	5	DEFINITIVE JUX PRESENTS III Various Artists Definitive Jux
11	17	22	11	3	TIME MACHINE Slow Your Roll Glow In The Dark
12	14	19	12	9	HALFTOOTH RECORDS Various Artists Halftooth
13	12	9	1	11	EYEDEA AND ABILITIES E&A Rhymesayers-Epitaph
14	18	_	14	2	COLD DUCK COMPLEX Figureheads Dozo
15	25	_	15	2	LIVING LEGENDS Creative Differences Legendary Music
16	23	14	14	6	N.E.R.D. Fly Or Die Virgin
					#1 DEBUT
17	_	_	17	1	RHIAN BENSON Gold Coast Top Sail-DKG
18	_	L	18	1	PETE ROCK Soul Survivor II Rapster
					UP 11 POSITIONS
19	30	32	19	3	IDIOM CREAK Room From Another Music Samplistic
20	13	10	1	11	VISIONARIES Pangaea Up Above
21	-	_	21	1	BLOCKHEAD Music By Cavelight Ninja Tune
22	-	_	22	1	INSIGHT Evolve Brick
23	20	18	2	15	IMMORTAL TECHNIQUE Revolutionary Volume 2 Viper
24	19	21	19	5	EL-P High Water Thirsty Ear
25	16	17	16	5	NAS Illmatic: 10th Anniversary Platinum Edition Columbia
26	24	_	24	2	PASSAGE The Forcefield Kids Anticon
27	21	15	4	21	KANYE WEST The College Dropout Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG
28	-	_	28	1	OZOMATLI Street Signs Concord
29	R	20	19	12	SWEATSHOP UNION Natural Progression Underworld
30	11	-	11	2	DANGER MOUSE AND JEMINI 26 Inch Remixes Lex
31	29	38	15	14	GROUCH AND ELIGH No More Greener Grasses Legendary
32	27	26	24	5	TY Upwards Big Dada
33	-		33	1	ROOTS "Don't Say Nuthin" [12-inch] MCA
34	26	23	12	11	BEANS Now, Soon, Someday Warp
35	31	_	2	14	CHARIZMA AND PEANUT BUTTER WOLF Big Shots Stones Throw
36	R	37	5	11	OPUS Breathing Lessons Mush
37	33	-	33	4	PSYCHE ORIGAMI Is Ellipsis Arcthefinger SEKTION 21 The Poet With 2 Appears Oldewood
38	38	10	38	2	SEKTION 31 The Boat With 2 Anchors Oldecycle CLOUDDEAD Top
39 40	15 R	16 27	6 24	10	CLOUDDEAD Ten Mush SOUND PROVIDERS An Evening With The Sound Providers ABB
+0	n	21		_	formation is based on combined airplay reports of Hip Hop releases from CMJ's panel of college,
			U	rui t II I	ronnación is pasca en comunica alipiay repuls di Flip Flup releases li dili Givio s pariel di Cullege,

Chart information is based on combined airplay reports of Hip Hop releases from CMJ's panel of college, commercial and non-commercial radio stations.

A DDS COMPILED FROM NEW ALBUMS BEING SPUN BY STATIONS

1	37	YESTERDAYS NEW QUINTET Stevie	Stones Throw							
2	21	HASSTYLE BX-TRA	Mia Mind							
3	19	RJD2 Since We Last Spoke	Definitive Jux							
4	16	GOOD BAD UGLY Whipped								
5	13	RHYMEFEST Blue Collar Collection	Breaker							
5	13	KHYMEFEST Blue Collection	В							

LOUDROCK
COLLEGE

PERIOD ENDING 5/18/2004

CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 194

VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT

www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	S ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	1	1	4	KILLSWITCH ENGAGE The End Of Heartache	Roadrunner-IDJMG
2	2	5	2	4	DEATH ANGEL The Art Of Dying	Nuclear Blast
3	3	2	1	5	IN FLAMES Soundtrack To Your Escape	Nuclear Blast
4	4	4	2	5	MARTYR AD On Earth As It Is In Hell	Victory
5	8	9	5	5	SATYRICON Volcano	eatURmusic-Red Ink
6	9	16	6	5	VEHEMENCE Helping The World To See	Metal Blade
7	6	6	3	6	MACHINE HEAD Through The Ashes Of Empires	Roadrunner
8	5	3	2	10	FEAR FACTORY Archetype	Liquid 8
9	7	22	7	5	SUFFOCATION Souls To Deny	Relapse
10	10	13	10	4	BLACK LABEL SOCIETY Hangover Music Vol. VI	Spitfire
11	11	12	11	4	SLIPKNOT 2 < VOL. 3	Roadrunner-IDJMG
12	22	15	12	6	ZEKE Til The Livin' End	Relapse
13	14	7	6	7	ALL THAT REMAINS This Darkened Heart	Prosthetic
14	15	20	12	5	DISMEMBER Where Ironcrosses Grow	Candlelight
					#1 DEBUT	
15	_	_	15	1	MISERY SIGNALS Of Malice And The Magnum Heart	Ferret
16	13	8	8	8	CLUTCH Blast Tyrant	DRT
17	R	_	17	2	SUFFOCATION Surgery Of Impalement	Relapse
18	17	11	5	9	EXODUS Tempo Of The Damned UP 13 POSITIONS	Nuclear Blast
19	32	18	3	11	DEICIDE Scars Of The Crucifix	Earache
20	25		20	3		erjical Strike-Red Ink
21	12		4	8	SOULFLY Prophecy	Roadrunner
22	18		18	4	VOMITORY Primal Massacre	Metal Blade
23	27	28	23	3	EVERGREY The Inner Circle	Inside Out
24	31	30	24	5	FOLLY Insanity Later	Triple Crown
25	26	27	22	7	SCARLET Cult Classic	Ferret
26	16	14	1	14	CANNIBAL CORPSE The Wretched Spawn	Metal Blade
27	21	25	14	6	PSYOPUS Ideas Of Reference	Black Market
28	20	17	4	9	36 CRAZYFISTS A Snow Capped Romance	Roadrunner
29	19	36	1	13	GOD FORBID Gone Forever	Century Media
30	29	_	29	2	FLAW Endangered Species	Republic
31	_	_	31	1	INSOMNIUM Since The Day It All Came Down	The End
32	34	33	7	11	SCARS OF TOMORROW Rope Tied To The Trigger	Victory
33	24	40	24	4	HEARSE Armageddon Mon Amour	Candlelight
34	_	_	34	1	BEYOND THE EMBRACE Insect Song	Metal Blade
35	R	31	12	7	MY DYING BRIDE Songs Of Darkness, Words Of Light	Peaceville
36	35	19	19	5	JUDAS PRIEST Metalogy Sampler	Legacy-Columbia
37	33	37	19	6	FROM A SECOND STORY WINDOW Not One Word	Black Market
38	39	_	17	6	BRING YOU TO YOUR KNEES Various Artists	Law Of Inertia
39	-	_	39	1	W.A.S.P. The Neon God, Pt. 1	Metal-Is-Sanctuary
40	23	38	23	5	DISILLUSION Back To Times Of Splendor	Metal Blade

Chart information is based on combined airplay reports of Loud Rock releases from CMJ's panel of college, commercial and non-commercial radio stations.

ADDS COMPILED FROM NEW ALBUMS BEING SPUN BY STATIONS

1	95	DOWNSET. Universal	Hawino
2	93	BEYOND THE EMBRACE Insect Song	Metal Blade
3	91	A18 Dear Furious	Victory
4	74	TWELVE TRIBES The Rebirth Of Tragedy	Ferret
5	71	CRISIS Like Sheep Led To Slaughter	3D



IN FLAMES



KILLSWITCH ENGAGE



MARTYR AD



ALL THAT REMAINS



SLIPKNOT

LOUD ROCK PERIOD ENDING 5/18/2004 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 51 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT WWW.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TVA	LIVA	2NA/	Dν	WKS	ре	LWC	.,	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	2	3	1 1	5	222	219	3	IN FLAMES Soundtrack To Your Escape	Nuclear Blast
2	1	1	1	4	219		-35	KILLSWITCH ENGAGE The End Of Heartache	Roadrunner-IDJMG
3	4	8	3	5	170		-50 -5	MARTYR AD On Earth As It Is In Hell	Victory
4	6	7	3	6	169		-2	ALL THAT REMAINS This Darkened Heart	Prosthetic
5	5	6	5	4	163	173	-10	SLIPKNOT 2 < VOL. 3	Roadrunner-IDJMG
6	7	5	1	5	160	171	-11	MACHINE HEAD Through The Ashes Of Empires	Roadrunner
7	3	2	1	10	157	188	-31	FEAR FACTORY Archetype	Liquid 8
8	8	4	2	8	147	167	-20	SOULFLY Prophecy	Roadrunner
9	9	21	9	3	145	143	2	DEATH ANGEL The Art Of Dying	Nuclear Blast
10	10	10	4	9	136	128	8	CLUTCH Blast Tyrant	DRT
11	11	12	9	5	105	112	-7	PRO-PAIN Fistful Of Hate	Candlelight
12	14	13	12	5	94	96	-2	SATYRICON Volcano	eatURmusic-Red Ink
13	12	14	12	4	91	108	-17	BLACK LABEL SOCIETY Hangover Music Vol. VI	Spitfire
14	19	9	5	11	85	68	17	36 CRAZYFISTS A Snow Capped Romance	Roadrunner
15	13	15	10	8	77	107	-30	GRIP INC. Incorporated	Steamhammer
								#1 DEBUT	
16	_	_	16	1	74	_	D	MISERY SIGNALS Of Malice And The Magnum Heart	Ferret
								UP 29 POSITIONS	
17	28	38	17	3	73	55	18	DOWNSET. Universal	Hawino
18	16	11	1	13	71	78	-7	GOD FORBID Gone Forever	Century Media
19	_	_	19	1	69	_	D	SCATTER THE ASHES Devout/The Modern Hymn	Epitaph
20	21	16	16	5	67	66	1	VEHEMENCE Helping The World To See	Metal Blade
21	17	25	17	5	67	76	-9	STRIPPING THE PISTOL Stripping The Pistol	Zoid
22	15	23	15	5	65	80	-15	SKINLAB Nerve Damage	Century Media
23	29	30	23	6	64	55	9	ZEKE Til The Livin' End	Relapse
24	20	_	20	2	64	67	-3	FLAW Endangered Species	Republic
25	45	_	25	2	61	40	21	SUFFOCATION Surgery Of Impalement	Relapse
26	26	19	12	11	60	59	1	DEICIDE Scars Of The Crucifix	Earache
27	18	26	18	4	59	70	-11	EVERGREY The Inner Circle	Inside Out
28	24	49	9	11	57	59	-2	SOIL Re. De. Fine	J
29	46	32	29	5	55	40	15	DISILLUSION Back To Times Of Splendor	Metal Blade
30	25	24	3	13	54	59	-5	CANNIBAL CORPSE The Wretched Spawn	Metal Blade
31	R	-	31	2	53	_	17	FOLLY Insanity Later	Triple Crown
32	31	33	32	4	52	52	0	SEVENDUST Southside Double-Wide Acoustic Live	TVT
33	34	_	33	2	51	50	1	SUFFOCATION Souls To Deny	Relapse
34	_	_	35	1	50	_	D	UNJUST Glow	CoPro
35	23	18	11	9	50	60	-10	EXODUS Tempo Of The Damned	Nuclear Blast
36	35	_	35	2	49	49	0	DEVIL TO PAY Thirty Pieces Of Silver	Benchmark
37	32	28		17	48	52	-4	ICED EARTH The Glorious Burden	Hunter-SPV
38	27	29	27	5	48	57	-9	SKILLET Collide	Lava
39	47	_	39	2	47	39	8	DESTINY The Tracy Chapter	Lifeforce
40	42	42	10	11	44	44	0	HYPOCRISY The Arrival	Nuclear Blast

Chart information is based on pure spins reports of Loud Rock releases from CMJ's panel of commercial block shows and select college and community radio stations.

A	LD.	COMPILED FROM NEW ALBUMS BEING SPUN BY STATIONS	
1	35	BEYOND THE EMBRACE Insect Song	Metal Blade
2	24	A18 Dear Furious	Victory
3	21	DOWNSET. Universal	Hawino
4	21	TWELVE TRIBES The Rebirth Of Tragedy	Ferret
5	18	AMEN Death Before Musick!	eatURmusic-Columbia



BREAKOUT 5 ALBUMS TO WATCH



EIGHTBALL AND MJG Living Legends Bad Boy



KILLSWITCH ENGAGE The End Of Heartache Roadrunner-IDJMG



TEENA MARIE La Dona Universal



GRETCHEN WILSON Here For The Party Epic Nashville



PETE ROCK Soul Survivor II Rapster

CMJ RETAIL 50 { PERIOD ENDING 5/18/2004 www.cmj.com

		•	
TW	LW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1		EIGHTBALL AND MJG Living Legends (002389)	Bad Boy
2	3	MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who Love Bad News (87125)	Epic
3	2	USHER Confessions (52141)	Arista
4	1	D12 D12 World (240402)	Shady-Interscope
5	4	LORETTA LYNN Van Lear Rose (2513)	Interscope
6	5	PRINCE Musicology (92560)	Columbia
7	_	KILLSWITCH ENGAGE The End Of Heartache (618373)	Roadrunner-IDJMG
8	_	TEENA MARIE La Dona (255202)	Universal
9	11	KANYE WEST The College Dropout (203002)	Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG
10	6	MAGNETIC FIELDS 1 (79683)	Nonesuch
11	7	PETEY PABLO Still Writing In My Diary: 2nd Entry (41824)	Jive
12	8	DIANA KRALL The Girl In The Other Room (182612)	Verve
13	22	FRANZ FERDINAND Franz Ferdinand (27)	Domino
14	12	PIXIES Wave Of Mutilation: Best Of Pixies (72406)	4AD-Beggars Group
15	9	LOS LOBOS The Ride (162443)	Hollywood
16		GRETCHEN WILSON Here For The Party (90903)	Epic Nashville
17	18	OUTKAST Speakerboxxx/The Love Below (50133)	Arista
18	17	ROCK AGAINST BUSH VOL 1 Various Artists (675)	Fat Wreck Chords
19	10	NORAH JONES Feels Like Home (84800)	Blue Note
20	19	HOOBASTANK Reason (148802)	Island
21	16	MARIO WINANS Hurt No More (239202)	Bad Boy
22	20	LOS LONELY BOYS Los Lonely Boys (80305)	Or Music
23		PETE ROCK Soul Survivor II (32)	Rapster
24	26	JET Get Born (62892)	Elektra
25	35	JAY-Z The Black Album (152801)	Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG
26	30	GUNS N' ROSES Greatest Hits (171402)	Geffen
27	27	BLACK EYED PEAS Elephunk (000699)	A&M
28		GIFT OF GAB Fourth Dimensional Rocketships Going Up (44) BETA BAND Heroes To Zeros (78005)	Quannum Projects
29 30	15 14	DAVID CROSS It's Not Funny (635)	Astralwerks Sub Pop
31	21	PATTY GRIFFIN Impossible Dream (21520)	ATO-RCA
32	42	MAROON 5 Songs About Jane (50001)	BMG-Octone
33	39	YEAH YEAH YEAHS Fever To Tell (450980)	Interscope
34	25	MY MORNING JACKET Acoustic Citsouca (660790)	ATO-RCA
35	28	ERIC CLAPTON Me And Mr. Johnson (48423)	Reprise
36	32	LIL' FLIP U Gotta Feel Me (89143)	Columbia
37	36	ALICIA KEYS Diary Of Alicia Keys (55712)	J
38	30	ROBERT POLLARD Fiction Man (75)	Recordhead
39		JAMIE CULLUM Twentysomething (227302)	Verve
40	24	GHOSTFACE KILLAH The Pretty Toney Album (216902)	Def Jam-IDJMG
41	43	EVANESCENCE Fallen (13063)	Wind-Up
42	40	TWISTA Kamikaze (83598)	Atlantic
43	- F	DONAVON FRANKENREITER Donavon Frankenreiter (243802)	Universal
44	37	MUSE Absolution (668587)	Warner Bros.
45	13	MISSION OF BURMA ONOFFON (613)	Matador
46	31	QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE Stone Age Complication [EP] (246702)	Interscope
47	34	SNOW PATROL Final Straw (227102)	Interscope
48	47	JOSS STONE The Soul Sessions (42234)	S-Curve
49	55	SHINEDOWN Leave A Whisper (83566)	Atlantic
50	33	PATTI SMITH Trampin' (90330)	Columbia
		. h	





LORETTA LYNN



DIANA KRALL

IN-STORE | MAJOR PLAY

Based on what clerks are playing while you browse

CHAIN

Based on sales figures from national record chains

LORETTA LYNN

PATTI SMITH LOS LOBOS SNOW PATROL

BETA BAND MORRISSEY **MODEST MOUSE**

SUGARCULT

MAGNETIC FIELDS DAVID CROSS

DEVENDRA BANHART

GIFT OF GAB

QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE

MIRAH **PRINCE**

DIANA KRALL

USHER

NORAH JONES

PRINCE

MODEST MOUSE

LORETTA LYNN

HOOBASTANK

D12

TEENA MARIE JAMIE CULLUM EVANESCENCE

GRETCHEN WILSON

MARY CHAPIN CARPENTER

ERIC CLAPTON MAROON 5

MUSIC MONITOR **NETWORK**

www.cmj.com

	AKIISI + IIILE	LABEL
	EIGHTBALL AND MJG Living Legends	Bad Boy
2	USHER Confessions	Arista
1	D12 D12 World	Shady-Interscope
3	PETEY PABLO Still Writing In My Diary: 2nd Entry	Jive
_	KILLSWITCH ENGAGE The End Of Heartache	Roadrunner-IDJMG
_	TEENA MARIE La Dona	Universal
5	KANYE WEST The College Dropout R	loc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG
8	MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who Love B	ad News Epic
4	MARIO WINANS Hurt No More	Bad Boy
_	GRETCHEN WILSON Here For The Party	Epic Nashville
6	PRINCE Musicology	Columbia
_	SAN QUINN Give You My Word	Rider
7	LIL' FLIP U Gotta Feel Me	Columbia
9	HOOBASTANK Reason	Island
10	OUTKAST Speakerboxxx/The Love Below	Arista
17	ROCK AGAINST BUSH VOL 1 Various Artists	Fat Wreck Chords
16	JAY-Z The Black Album	loc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG
12	TWISTA Kamikaze	Atlantic
32	LOS LONELY BOYS Los Lonely Boys	Or Music
25	GUNS N' ROSES Greatest Hits	Geffen
20	BLACK EYED PEAS Elephunk	A&M
28	JET Get Born	Elektra
24	ALICIA KEYS Diary Of Alicia Keys	J
15	LORETTA LYNN Van Lear Rose	Interscope
21	EVANESCENCE Fallen	Wind-Up
	1 3 — 5 8 4 — 6 — 7 9 10 17 16 12 32 25 20 28 24 15	2 USHER Confessions 1 D12 D12 World 3 PETEY PABLO Still Writing In My Diary: 2nd Entry KILLSWITCH ENGAGE The End Of Heartache TEENA MARIE La Dona 5 KANYE WEST The College Dropout R 8 MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who Love B: 4 MARIO WINANS HURT NO More GRETCHEN WILSON Here For The Party 6 PRINCE Musicology SAN QUINN I Give You My Word 7 LIL' FLIP U Gotta Feel Me 9 HOOBASTANK Reason 10 OUTKAST Speakerboxxx/The Love Below 17 ROCK AGAINST BUSH VOL 1 Various Artists 16 JAY-Z The Black Album R 17 TWISTA Kamikaze 18 LOS LONELY BOYS Los Lonely Boys 25 GUNS N' ROSES Greatest Hits 20 BLACK EYED PEAS Elephunk 28 JET Get Born 24 ALICIA KEYS Diary Of Alicia Keys 15 LORETTA LYNN Van Lear Rose

A.I.M.S.

www.cmi.com

		www.ciiij.coiii	
TW	AR	TIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	_	ROBERT POLLARD Fiction Man	Recordhead
2	_	GRETCHEN WILSON Here For The Party	Epic Nashville
3	2	MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who Love Bad News	Epic
4	1	LORETTA LYNN Van Lear Rose	Interscope
5	3	MAGNETIC FIELDS	Nonesuch
6	_	EIGHTBALL AND MJG Living Legends	Bad Boy
7	5	DAVID CROSS It's Not Funny	Sub Pop
8	7	PRINCE Musicology	Columbia
9	4	MY MORNING JACKET Acoustic Citsouca	ATO-RCA
10	14	FRANZ FERDINAND Franz Ferdinand	Domino
11	16	ROCK AGAINST BUSH VOL 1 Various Artists	Fat Wreck Chords
12	10	USHER Confessions	Arista
13	12	D12 D12 World	Shady-Interscope
14	6	LOS LOBOS The Ride	Hollywood
15	8	BETA BAND Heroes To Zeros	Astralwerks
16	15	PIXIES Wave Of Mutilation: Best Of Pixies	4AD-Beggars Group
17	18	SNOW PATROL Final Straw	Interscope
18	11	DIANA KRALL The Girl In The Other Room	Verve
19	R	SHINEDOWN Leave A Whisper	Atlantic
20	13	MUM Summer Make Good	Fat Cat
21	20	DEVENDRA BANHART Rejoicing In The Hands	Young God
22	27	OUTKAST Speakerboxxx/The Love Below	Arista
23		GIFT OF GAB Fourth Dimensional Rocketships Going Up	Quannum Projects
24	9	MISSION OF BURMA ONoffON	Matador
25	40	TORTOISE It's All Around You	Thrill Jockey



TRIPLE A

PERIOD ENDING 5/18/2004 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 38 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

LABEL	ARTIST + TITLE	WKS	PK	2W	LW	TW
Interscope	LORETTA LYNN Van Lear Rose	4	1	4	4	1
Columbia	PATTI SMITH Trampin'	4	2	3	3	2
ove Bad News Epic	MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who I	5	2	2	2	3
Hollywood	LOS LOBOS The Ride	4	4	8	5	4
Quarterstick-Touch And Go	CALEXICO Convict Pool	5	1	1	1	5
Astralwerks	BETA BAND Heroes To Zeros	2	6		13	6
ATO-RCA	PATTY GRIFFIN Impossible Dream	6	5	5	7	7
Nonesuch	SAM PHILLIPS Boot And A Shoe	3	8	13	12	8
Columbia	OLLABELLE Ollabelle	5	9	33	18	9
Nonesuch	DAVID BYRNE Grown Backwards	8	2	6	6	10
Concord	OZOMATLI Street Signs	3	10	19	10	11
Anti	JOLIE HOLLAND Escondida	5	7	7	8	12
Matador	MISSION OF BURMA ONOFFON	4	13	26	26	13
Young God	DEVENDRA BANHART Rejoicing In The Hands	3	14		14	14
Columbia Nashville	MARY CHAPIN CARPENTER Between Here	2	15	37	21	15
Zoë-Rounder	COWBOY JUNKIES One Soul Now	1	16		21	16
Back Porch-EMI	SUBDUDES Miracle Mule	5	10	10	16	17
	ERIC CLAPTON Me And Mr. Johnson	5	12		19	18
Reprise		Ť		12	19	
Bar None	ARCHITECTURE IN HELSINKI Fingers Crossed	1	19			19
Polyvinyl	OF MONTREAL Satanic Panic In The Attic	5	12	14	15	20

NEW CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THE VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THE

CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 104 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

	,					
TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	S ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	3	20	1	3	ANGELIQUE KIDJO Oyaya!	Columbia
2	2	2	2	5	CAETANO VELOSO A Foreign Sound	Nonesuch
3	4	1	1	9	TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS True Love	V2
4	5	8	4	5	WOMEN OF AFRICA Various Artists	Putumayo
5	1	4	1	6	WASIS DIOP Everything Is Never Quite Enough	Triloka
6	6	3	3	7	GIPSY KINGS Roots	Nonesuch
7	7	22	7	4	OZOMATLI Street Signs	Concord
8	11	35	8	3	JUANA MOLINA Tres Cosas	Domino
9	_	_	9	1	ARTO LINDSAY Salt	Righteous Babe
10	17	14	10	4	ELECTRIC GYPSYLAND Various Artists	Six Degrees
11	16	25	11	3	AFRO CELT SOUND SYSTEM Pod	Real World
12	R	39	12	2	OJOS DE BRUJO Bari World Village-	Harmonia Mundi
13	10	12	5	8	ABYSSINIANS AND FRIENDS Tree Of Satta	Blood And Fire
14	12	7	4	11	WORLD REGGAE Various Artists	Putumayo
15	22	15	13	7	OUTERNATIONALISTS Ethnomixicology	Six Degrees
16	8	6	1	10	OUMOU SANGARE Oumou	Nonesuch
17	9	5	5	8	SERGENT GARCIA La Semilla Escondida	EMI
18	14	11	11	5	DA LATA Serious	Palm
19	13	13	1	12	DUB SYNDICATE No Bed Of Roses	Lion And Roots
20	15	17	15	3	TWILIGHT CIRCUS DUB SOUND SYSTEM Dub From	Roir

RPM-

PERIOD ENDING 5/18/2004 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 164 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	5	4	1	4	BLUE NOTE REVISITED Various Artists	Blue Note
2	1	1	1	5	ERLEND OYE DJ-Kicks	!K7
3	3	3	3	3	MOCEAN WORKER Enter The Mowo!	Hyena
4	2	2	1	5	GREYBOY Soul Mosaic	Ubiquity
5	4	6	4	5	FUNKSTORUNG Disconnected	!K7
6	9	_	6	2	ARMAND VAN HELDEN New York: A Mix Odyssey	Tommy Boy
7	7	11	7	5	RATATAT Ratatat X	L-Beggars Group
8	8	23	8	3	FRANKIE KNUCKLES A New Reality	Def Mix
9	6	5	1	8	SQUAREPUSHER Ultravisitor	Warp
10	_	_	10	1	TRAX RECORDS 20TH ANNIVERSARY Various Artists	Trax
11	12	12	11	4	ELECTRIC GYPSYLAND Various Artists	Six Degrees
12	10	18	10	3	MUSIC FOR HEROES 3 Various Artists Hy	/drogen Dukebox
13	16	13	13	9	ZERO 7 When It Falls	Elektra
14	11	14	11	5	DECOMPOSURE Taking Things Apart	Unschooled
15	21	19	15	5	GIRL TALK Unstoppable	Illegal Art
16	15	7	7	4	IDIOM CREAK Room From Another Music	Samplistic
17	14	_	14	2	PAN SONIC Kesto	Novamute
18	19	22	12	5	MANHUNT Soundtrack	Rephlex
19	_	_	19	1	BLOCKHEAD Music By Cavelight	Ninja Tune
20	23	20	20	5	SLOW TRAIN SOUL Illegal Cargo	Tommy Boy

JAZZ-

PERIOD ENDING 5/18/2004 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 119 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

					•	
TW	LW :	2W	PK \	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	1	1	5	DIANA KRALL The Girl In The Other Room	Verve
2	4	3	1	9	WYNTON MARSALIS Magic Hour	Blue Note
3	17	6	3	5	BILL CHARLAP TRIO Somewhere: The Songs Of	Blue Note
4	7	32	4	3	FRANK KIMBROUGH Lullabluebye	Palmetto
5	2	2	1	9	BAD PLUS Give	Columbia
6	3	5	2	10	BRAD MEHLDAU Anything Goes	Warner Bros.
7	6	4	4	7	FRED HERSCH TRIO +2	Palmetto
8	5	8	5	5	ED THIGPEN Scantet #1	Stunt
9	8	11	8	4	STEFON HARRIS Evolution	Blue Note
10	27	29	10	4	BLUE NOTE REVISITED Various Artists	Blue Note
11	29	_	11	8	BOB JAMES TRIO Take It From The Top	Koch
12	_	_	12	1	SUSIE ARIOLI BAND FEAT. JORDAN OFFICER That's For Me	Justin Time
13	13		13	3	JAMES CARTER Live At Baker's Keyboard Lounge	Warner Bros.
14	23	22	14	5	CLAUDIA ACUNA Luna	Maxjazz
15	31	36	15	4	CAETANO VELOSO A Foreign Sound	Nonesuch
16	25	19	16	5	GARY BURTON Generations	Concord
17	15	23	15	4	RUSSELL MALONE Playground	Max Jazz
18	32	_	18	2	JAMIE CULLUM Twentysomething	Verve
19	11	20	11	3	CRAIG TABORN Junk Magic	Thirsty Ear
20	28	18	6	7	FRED ANDERSON AND HAMID DRAKE Back Together Again	Thrill Jockey

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— PC Magazine, July 31, 2003



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ISSUE 124 CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY TV ON THE RADIO THE BETA BAND HANGAR 18 EIGHTEEN VISIONS ATHLETE • THE MARTINIS • ANGELIQUE KIDJO

TV ON THE RADIO "Staring At The Sun"
 Desperate Youth, Blood Thirsty Babes
 www.tvontheradio.com
 TV On The Radio appears courtesy of Touch And Go Records.
 See Cover Story p. 41.

- 2. BLUE-EYED SON "The Tide" West Of Lincoln www.eeniemeenie.com Blue-Eyed Son appears courtesy of Eenie Meenie. See Review p. 47.
- 3. THE KILLERS "Somebody Told Me" Hot Fuss www.thekillersmusic.com The Killers appear courtesy of Island Records.
- 4. THE KINISON "You'll Never Guess Who Died" What Are You Listening To? www.thekinison.com
 The Kinison appears courtesy of La Salle Records.
- 5. LOUQUE "Art" So Long www.louquemusic.com Louque appear courtesy of Everfine.
- 6. RACHAEL YAMAGATA "Worn Me Down" Happenstance www.rachaelyamagata.com Rachael Yamagata appears courtesy of RCA Victor. See Review p. 62.
- 7. PACO "My Love (Radio Mix/Edit By Tom Lord-Alge)"
 This Is Where We Live
 www.unfilteredrecords.com
 Paco appears courtesy of Unfiltered Records.
- 8. THE BETA BAND "Assessment" Heroes To Zeros www.betaband.com
 The Beta Band appears courtesy of Astralwerks.
- 9. HANGAR 18 "Where We At"
 The Multi-Platinum Debut Album
 www.hangareighteen.net
 Hangar 18 appears courtesy of Definitive Jux.
 See On The Verge p. 14.

- 10. EIGHTEEN VISIONS "Waiting For The Heavens" Obsession www.eighteenvisions.com
 Eighteen Visions appear courtesy of Trustkill Records.
- 11. BELA FLECK & EDGAR MEYER "Woolly Mammoth"

 Music For Two

 www.sonyclassical.com

 Béla Fleck & Edgar Meyer appear courtesy of Sony Classical.
- 12. ANGELIQUE KIDJO "Congoleo" *Oyaya!*www.sonymusic.com
 Angelique Kidjo appears courtesy of Sony Music.
- 13. ATHLETE "You Got The Style" Vehicles & Animals www.athlete.mu
 Athlete appears courtesy of Astralwerks.
 See Review p. 47.
- 14. THE MARTINIS "Right Behind You" Smitten www.themartinis.com
 The Martinis appear courtesy of Distracted/iMusic.
 See Quick Fix p. 6.
- 15. SHAMRA "State Of The Nation" Frieze www.shamra.net Shamra appears courtesy of Fum Records.
- 16. DECOMPOSURE "Piano And Toy Electronic Drumsticks" Taking Things Apart www.decomposure.com Decomposure appears courtesy of Unschooled Records. See Review p. 50.
- 17. MYG "Holla @ Yo Kid" *The Mining Fields* www.indamixrecords.com Myg appears courtesy of Inda Mix Records.
- 18. SIZZLA "You're Gonna Need My Love" Jah Knows Best www.sanctuaryrecordsgroup.com
 Sizzla appears courtesy of RAS/Sanctuary.
- MP3 Link: COSMO "Get Up And Jump" Get Up And Jump www.cosmomusic.com
 Cosmo appear courtesy of Ginger Girl Records.

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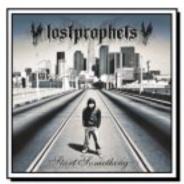
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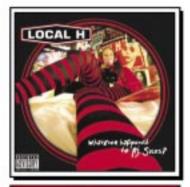
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It's the end of the world as we know it.
Welcome back **Muse**, the new horsemen of the Apocalypse.

here are millions of people out there who believe that the apocalypse is coming," Muse frontman Matt Bellamy confers. "I think that's a scary thing. It's not scary that the apocalypse is coming—it's scary that there are so many people that actually believe it. I'm interested in following what's going on around the world in terms of religion and keeping an eye on it, because often, if you believe things, you can make them happen."

The singer's thoughts—or the ones that show up as lyrics—have always been this dark: On Muse's 1999 debut, Showbiz, and its follow-up, Origin Of Symmetry, lyrical focus shifted from greed to madness to lost innocence, with brief respites of brightness. With their third album, Absolution (Warner Bros.), the epic British rockers focus on this even larger, darker scale, staring at the potential twilight of humanity, and questioning our part.

"Humans developed the ability to consume all the natural resources around us in order to survive—that is both our biggest strength and our biggest weakness," Bellamy reflects. "And there's this constant contradiction within all of us. I think, because we know that we need to slow down on the way we're consuming. But at the same time, that's the one thing that brought us to where we are now: the strength to consume and the strength to survive through difficult conditions. I suppose the point is that we've done such a fucking good job of it that we're starting to destroy what's left. I think in the

album, I'm trying to explore

both those sides."

Bellamy's dissection of life's bleakest subject may sound lofty—pretentious even—when paired with titles like "Sing For Absolution" and "Thoughts Of A Dying Atheist," but it's the band's delivery that makes it all succeed: There's a sincerity, a desperation that's undeniably real. Absolution's songs are heavy—often in both senses of the word, Bellamy reflecting on the bigger picture while the music strays from lullaby-like string serenades in

ture while the music strays from lullaby-like string serenades in "Blackout" to blasts of blistering guitars that could easily belong to Rage Against The Machine or Metallica on "Stockholm Syndrome" or "Hysteria."

Gliding over it all, at times a gentle, cleansing wave, at others a harbinger of imminent doom, is Bellamy's unearthly voice. The similarities to Radiohead's Thom Yorke are undeniable, as is the fact that Muse often tread common lyrical ground, but the band, rounded out by bassist Chris Wolstenholme and drummer Dominic Howard, is hardly just Radiohead Dark. Each bandmember's virtuosic musicianship, coupled with a gorgeous and endearing bombast, smacks more of bands like Queen or Yes, where both the playing and songs are grandiose enough to fill Wembley Stadium.

Which Muse does: At home in the U.K., the band headlines

massive arenas, while in the States they've only just completed their second club tour, setting up in 300-capacity rooms. This massive dichotomy can be pinned on label struggles: Following Showbiz's release on Maverick, Muse found themselves without a U.S. label when the time to release Origin came—the disc never saw a proper Stateside release or tour. Their fanbase grew despite this, enough that the band's reemergence in the U.S., courtesy of a new deal with Warner Bros., was met with sold-out dates and eBay ticket shills going for hundreds of dollars a pair. And not only has Absolution brought about Muse's second crack at America—a chance made even better by their inclusion on the Cure's summer Curiosa festival—it's also the group's most emotionally and musically gripping record yet, a result spurred by a fruitful partnership.

"Originally, we wanted to work with three different producers,

because we had three different types of songs on the album," explains Bellamy. "We had songs that were kind of just straightforward three-piece rock; songs that were much more classical-oriented, that involved working with strings, an orchestra and such; and a few songs that were

more electronic-based experimental." However, after the band completed two of the three more orchestral songs ("Blackout" and "Butterflies And Hurricanes") with producers Paul Reeve and John Cornfield, Rich Costey entered the picture, and plans changed. Costey had worked in various production capacities with everyone from Philip Glass to Audioslave, and his wide vision proved indispensable to Muse.

"Rich Costey had a very diverse experience," says Bellamy. "We started rocking with him, and our relationship was so good that we scrapped our original idea of working with three producers and just did the whole album with him, pretty much."

Combine that partnership with the fact that Bellamy himself has a broader-than-usual range of influences—rock bands from Queen to Nirvana, as well as "piano music composers like Rachmaninoff, Liszt and Debussy, through to flamenco guitar music from composers like Tarrega or Villalobos"—and you can get an idea of the complexity behind the band's compositions.

But then, it's a complex world. And when you think beyond that bubble of solipsistic living, it can all get a bit overwhelming. But is the weight of the world truly bringing Muse down?

"I think when you go purely on the album, you can maybe get that impression," admits Bellamy. "I think when you see us live, though, you'll see another side. When people see us live, they see more of the personality of the band. They see that sometimes we're just having a laugh. It's not all the end of the world, you know." \mbox{NMM}



■here's so much to αsk Melissα Auf Der Maur, it's hard to know where to start. Current paramour/pop-metal monster Andrew W.K.? Best bud Rufus Wainwright? Most recent employer Billy Corgan, who cast her as bassist in the Smashing

Pumpkins farewell world tour, and has since moved on to airing all his (and his bandmates') dirty laundry on the Web? There's a more pressing question right now, though, what with all those headlines: How in the hell did she survive five years alongside the maniacal Courtney Love, slinging

Easy, sighs Auf Der Maur, a soft-spoken photography buff who's finally gone solo with the bludgeoning riff-fest of Auf Der Maur (Capitol). Working with Love, she recalls, "was obvious and effortless to me, although it must seem more dramatic from the outside than it was on the inside. Or maybe it's just because I grew up in such a bohemian, wacky environment that Courtney doesn't seem any more or less eccentric. I know lots of eccentric people who know exactly what they want and go for it." Corgan introduced the two femme fatales, and urged Auf Der Maur to waive her Canuck combo Tinker for the Calibased Hole. So, Love at least threw a skelter when Corgan turned her bassist into a

Maur assures. "There was unspoken respect. In my five years with Hole, we'd only made one record, and we'd sorta done our duty together, me being her partner in her mission to make a feminine mark on a male-dominated landscape. That's why I was turning to my four-track and writing a lot of my own stuff—I had more music in me that just wasn't being used."

Post-Pumpkins, Auf Der Maur took a full year off, catalogued her negatives, put



nker one else I've met—just sees how truly in me, as well." NMM

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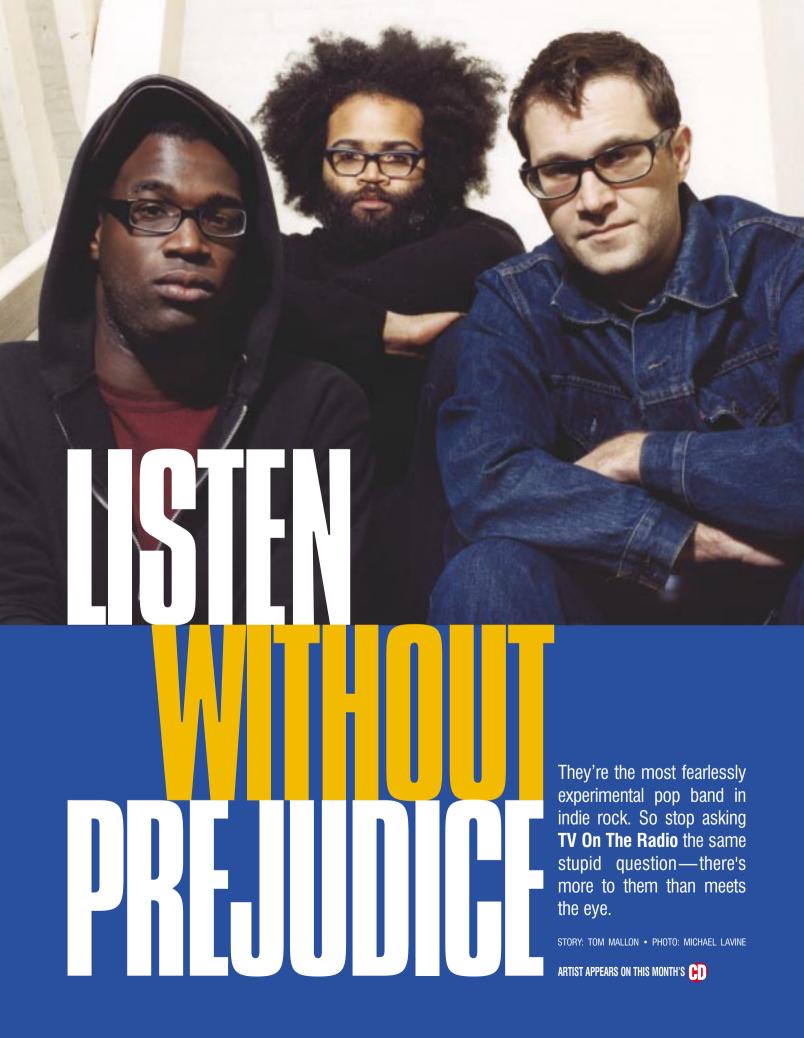
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Photo of The Mars Volta at Music Marathon '03 by Kevin Scanlon



Woke up in a magic nigger movie The bright lights pointed at me as a metaphor, teachin' folks the score About patience, understanding, agape baby And the sweet, sweet amour.

"Singing that line over and over again, in various circumstances," Kyp Malone sighs, "I'm kind of kicking myself."

It's the opening line of "The Wrong Way," the smack in the head that launches TV On The Radio's *Desperate Youth*, *Blood Thirsty Babes* (Touch And Go). In four and a half minutes, backed by a martial beat, a single-note, pavement-cracking bass and a traffic-jam cacophony of sax, TVOTR has delivered a "What's Going On" for the 21st-century hipster set, eviscerating every souleating stereotype the entertainment industry has offered America's nearly 40-million black citizens: the "loiterers united, indivisible by shame," the diamond-hungry bling worshippers, the grinning, soft-shoeing minstrel, and the damnable "magic nigger."

The "magic nigger," as defined by urbandictionary.com: "An African-American character archetype from fiction, usually found in Hollywood movies, whose sole purpose is to transform the white protagonist through magic and/or the power of his/her noble heart (which is sometimes given to the magic nigger by making him retarded, or at least comfortably stupid or submissive, in the style of a house slave)." The magic nigger is the always-second-billed star of movies like *The Green Mile, The Legend Of Bagger Vance, Driving Miss Daisy:* The gentle giant, the heaven-sent angel, the trusted servant who shows up to inject some color and life lessons into the white protagonist's world. Its appearance at the beginning of *Desperate Youth* is an unmistakable statement of intent, impossible to ignore.

Most people probably don't even realize it, but this year, when a legion of salivating fans and mostly white critics touted them as the salvation of music in one breath—only to relentlessly blurt the monumentally stupid question "What's it like being a black guy in an indie-rock band?" in the next—they were unconsciously casting TV On The Radio in a magic nigger movie of their own, the extras filled out by the members of an allegedly all-inclusive scene.

"I wouldn't be making music at all if that was a thought in my head," singer Tunde Adebimpe says. "I've dealt with that before; I stopped doing something I loved because someone asked me that. I was doing comics, underground comics, and someone was like, 'How does it feel to be doing this, this is kind of like a white-adolescent-male-dominated thing.' I had never thought about that. That wasn't why I went to do that—in fact, probably the reason that I was there was because I didn't have to put up with dumb shit like that."

"If people actually think about what they're asking when they ask that, they're basically saying, 'Don't you know your place? You don't know your place," says singer/guitarist Malone. "I can do whatever the fuck I want to do, wherever I want to do it. And you have to figure out for yourself that you can do the same. And separate from cultural privilege."

"At this point, it's reaaaaally tiresome," Adebimpe says. "How many times has Eminem been asked, 'What's it like to be a white rapper?' Probably a billion times. When did it stop for him? When he became, quote unquote, 'the best rapper in the world!' And he was then green, he was just made of money... Coming from people who are like music journalists, 'How does it feel to be black playing rock 'n' roll?'—I'm gonna put a red circle around that question. See me after class, dude... One thing I'd really like to know is whether people

knew we were black from listening to the album, or from seeing pictures of us. That's what I'm more curious about."

It was most likely the pictures—listening to *Desperate Youth*, or to 2003's breakthrough *Young Liars* EP, you can't tell if the individual members of this band are black, white, American or even of this planet. When you pop *Desperate Youth* into iTunes, it comes up "world music," Adebimpe says, and that's not too far off, in a sense. Anything and everything goes into this band; every style, musically and culturally, is mashed together. It's no wonder that the practically flawless *Young Liars* blew so many critical minds last year: It was the sound of two people (Adebimpe and Yeah Yeah Yeahs/Liars producer David Andrew Sitek) fearlessly experimenting in a Brooklyn loft, mashing genres that no one ever thought to combine as though it was the most natural thing in the world. Opener "Satellite" sets the best example, chomping along on an über-distorted electronic rhythm section topped by Adebimpe's multilayered, damn-near doowop vocals, finally exploding in an orgy of flutes. Finding reference points proved nearly impossible; *Young Liars* sounded like a band who never met a boundary they didn't blast their way through.

That situation hasn't changed on *Desperate Youth*—though it's only their first full-length, it solidifies their position as the best experimental pop band in indie music. After the knockout of "The Wrong Way," *Desperate Youth* takes a similar genre world tour: shoegaze-sans-reverb ("Dreams"), doo-wop ("Ambulance"), industrial barbershop ("Poppy"), eastern-tinged drone ("Don't Love You"). The main difference is the addition of Malone's rawer, on-edge vocals and a new lyrical focus: Where *Young Liars* felt like a bunkered-down ball of post-9/11 anxiety, *Desperate Youth*'s lyrics surge forth and give life a shake.

"I'm all for wallowing, if it's genuinely wallowing, [but] as someone who did spend a lot of time wallowing, you just get sick of it after a while," Adebimpe says of the shift. "Your mind just burns itself out and starts to go in a different direction. I always thought Young Liars was like, 'OK, I'm kind of freaked out about everything that's going on,' so I put my thoughts to more of a different place, a place that's more imagination. This record is more about being in the present and dealing with whatever is there, right away, no matter how beautiful or ugly it was—just deal with it."

Desperate Youth also separates itself from Young Liars in its political bent, but it makes the rare coup of presenting politics in a way that personalizes them, dealing with the feelings they inspire rather than spitting facts and figures. That's what makes "The Wrong Way" such a perfect call-to-arms: It's not a pie chart of everything that's wrong, but rather a discussion of everything that's wrong from one man's perspective.

"You ever hear that Spacemen 3 song, 'Revolution'? It's a very slow diatribe, an angry young man high on heroin talking against the powers that be," Malone says of "The Wrong Way"s genesis. "That song had me thinking about what I would be talking about if I were talking against power right now. And conversations we had while we were recording about the state of race relations in America, and the state of people in America who are black and the history of those people. It was something that I've

been thinking about ever since I found out that I was 'black,' when I found out what that meant, what the truth is about that. There's plenty of fodder for that song."

While the "magic nigger" line seems like a response to indie music's collective "Gee whiz, black people!" reaction, Malone, the song's lyricist, says that's not necessarily the case—rather, it was more of a preemptive strike, because he saw it coming.

"It was kind of anticipatory," he says. "I was saying-"

Adebimpe interrupts with fits of laughter. "Nice shot!" he hoots. "Nice call, dude!"

"But it was anticipatory. It'll come up in lyrics as much as it would come up in conversation. I kind of feel like I got that out of the way in that song... I kind of feel [we get treated] that way, not necessarily so much in interviews, but when people I don't know at shows are freaking out over it, talking about how soulful it is," Malone says. "People reference our blackness as holding something they couldn't possibly have within themselves, because we have this special

what else I can't do and I'm not supposed to do. 'How's it feel to be a black accountant?' 'Well, I used to be a black musician, but I didn't feel like it was my place. So I tried banking!' It's just weird, and it's so old."

"Imagine trying to be a doctor and someone being like, 'This is kind of a white man's/black man's game," Malone suggests. "What are you fucking talking about? Where have you been for the past 30 fucking years?"

"Surgery is a white man's game!" Adebimpe laughs. "Oh, then I'm just gonna leave this undone and walk out."

A few hours later, TV On The Radio is playing the basement of a church, a fitting setting: Live, the minimalist *Desperate Youth* becomes an overdriven gospel revival courtesy of a full-band makeover. Adebimpe and Malone belt the lyrics like classic shouters, bassist Gerard Smith and drummer Jaleel Bunton turn the sputtering electronics into muscular rock, and Sitek hollers the lyrics from the back of the stage while laying down cascades of nebulous guitar and organ. As they begin *that line*, looking around the crowd for reaction, it becomes apparent what a diverse audience this band

"The only thing that feels real to me half the time is art and music, and if you have to put a skin on it, and limit it, it's lost all power."



JALEEL BUNTON, KYP MALONE, DAVID ANDREW SITEK, TUNDE ADEBIMPE, GERARD SMITH

magic soul... If only people could see that [that idea] is a bunch of bullshit."

"You can separate those people really easily though," Adebimpe points out. "Like this girl yesterday, she said, 'You guys sounded like Guided By Voices at one point.' And I couldn't express to her—without making her really embarrassed—how happy that made me at that moment. We listen to a shitload of Guided By Voices."

"Along with a bunch of other music. If anyone wants to call it black music, I think it's black music, but when it comes down to it, music can't be about that," Malone says. "Because the only thing that feels real to me half the time is art and music, and if you have to put a skin on it and limit it, it's lost all power."

Putting a skin on things also violates the unwritten tenets of indie music—this is where this shit shouldn't matter, it's supposed to be an inclusive thing, it's not about defining drawing lines. At the very least, the ignorance supplies the band with good material.

"That's one of the most interesting parts of this whole experiment; all you have to do is put your stuff out and sit back and wait for people to respond," Adebimpe says. "It's been funny to me, the amount of shock I've gone into this year when people ask me certain questions, it's like, are you kidding me? Are you for real?" He puts his arm around an imaginary misguided youth. "Oh no, darling, we've got to sit down and talk about a few things. Like the whole 'How's it feel to be black playing indie rock,' or what people assume that you're into. This guy was astonished last night that I knew who the Mars Volta was. He was like, I thought you were bullshitting me.' Of course I know who they are! 'Oh, I just didn't think you'd be into that.' And I was like, 'Why?"

"There's brown people all over the Mars Volta," Malone says.

"They're a brown band!" Adebimpe exclaims. "It makes me curious as to

"I can do whatever the fuck I want to do, wherever I want to do it. And you have to figure out for yourself that you can do the same."

has attracted. A room ordinarily filled with white punker kids is filled with white kids, black kids, Asian kids, middle-aged dudes standing in the back stroking their chins, all gleefully sending the lyrics right back to the band. Maybe they take the message of the song to heart, maybe they don't, but the fact is, for a little over an hour in a Philadelphia basement, TV On The Radio has set up their own little utopia, where these people don't think it's strange to be standing next to each other.

Says Adebimpe: "Here's the news: It's my prediction, as a lowly stupid human, that things will continue to mix and mix and mix. Blind people with ears who can make music will make music based on what they're hearing and what they like. They don't know what color they are. I wanna know what music is going to sound like in 20 years." Looking at the diversity in the crowd, maybe it will sound something like this, and maybe it will be magic. But the right kind. NMM



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BLACK DICE

Creature Comforts DFA

■ he subsonic warbles that swim through Black Dice's "Live Loop" sound like sperm whale mating calls—nothing like reverberated guitars. the sound's origin. Creature Comforts is Black Dice's musique concréte take on animal noises, including replicated elephant sounds, duck calls and even sparrow chirps (all on "Treetops"). Occasionally an incoherent (human) voice appears, as well as somewhat danceable drums (this is DFA, after all), but what separates Black Dice from so many other noise-rock experimenters is that their blurps, schvetches and vlurbals define their subjects. Following up 2002's Beaches And Canyons, Creature Comforts continues Black Dice's quest for musical space, taking them away from their busy tone-poem roots and more towards the realm of free, improvisational composition. The 15-minute "Skeleton" has enough treated guitar parts to excite Glenn Branca, yet throughout it moves from atmospheric washes into ad-libbing guitar-drum interplays and even chord progressions, all unifying Dice audio histrionics. "Night Flight," the disc's closer, enters prog territory (as if they weren't progressive enough) with its arpeggiated piano-like chords and screechy, deconstructionist guitars (sounding like a penguin conversation), ending the disc with burbling noise that could signal their next Darwinistic new beginning. >>>KORY GROW

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The Sounds Of Disaster Inecac

ndoubtedly, when this summer's so-called blockbuster action/ disaster film, The Day After Tomorrow, opens, the music by composer Harald Kloser will run right down the middle of traditional action film musiclots of strings, lots of timpani and drums, lots of orchestral climaxes designed to make audiences feel like the end of the world is at hand without causing you to toss your popcorn and run. The novel choice, though, would have been this second LP by End. Sounds Of Disaster marries the classic Hollywood movie themes of yesterday with gleefully breakneck drum 'n' bass programming. Swiping the go-go, fun-loving, and drama-filled feeling of composers like Mancini, Bacharach, John Barry and Jeff Alexander, End's Charles Peirce constructs tracks that echo the kind of disaster that entertains us in films. "You Only Live Once" starts out like a dashing surf-guitar-cum-Bond theme, but quickly spirals into a quixotic hash of rat-a-tat drumming, sizzling cymbals and grinding guitar noise, mimicking the precision CG effects we've come come to expect of our action films. Sounds takes turns for the singalong PG crowd ("Countdown To The End") as well as the carousing gangster genre ("Mr. Guns [The Theme From 11th Street]"), but on the whole, augments the bombast of past composers with contemporary drum technologies. Good, clean, madcap listening. >>>HEATH K. HIGNIGHT



FRENCH KICKS

Trial Of The Century Startime International

t must annoy the shit out of those New York bands who're constantly lumped together, how you can't hear a mention of one without a smirking flood of the Plurals following suit. But then, they really shouldn't blame anyone, what with all the commonalities—the nuh-nuh-nuh-nuh guitar strumming, all those fours-on-the-floor and whatnot. French Kicks' newest, The Trial Of The Century? Yup, it's got some cavernous Walkmen pianos and keyboards, lethargic Strokes/Stills vocal lines, some Interpolitical darkness. It does, however, also have another quality so many of those NYCers seem to share: It's really freaking good. Vocal harmonies on opener "One More Time" and "Oh Fine" uniquely inject sunny Californ-ian melody into grimy New York rock, which, though it might seem like dumping lemon juice into your milk, works quite wonderfully. Rhythmically, the mix of Lawrence Stumpf's sinewy and insistent basslines propelling the songs, while creatively broken drumbeats from also-singer/keyboardist Nick Stumpf knock things off-kilter, brings in another dose of personality. Closer "Better Time" is a weird, plinky, programming-driven escapade (with reguisite sleepyhead vocals) that brings more variety into the proceedings. True, there's no mistaking that French Kicks are a New York Rock Band, but there's no mistaking that Ben & Jerry's is ice cream, either, and you don't hear no complaints about that. >>>NICOLE KEIPER



SECRET MACHINES

Now Here Is Nowhere Reprise

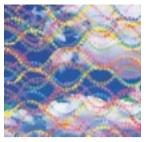
othing should rankle your hipster, record-devouring soul more than the fact that a major label (gasp!) put out what is, arguably, the best rock record of the year. Fie upon thee, faceless monolith of recorded sound! Well, suck it up, bucko, and buy a copy, since the Secret Machines' sophomore record (a follow-up to their more indie-rock-fueled debut on Ace Fu) is lusher, catchier and meaner than any meandering Yoshimi Trips The Pink Floyd Fantastic. Everything sounds like Floyd covering Echo And The Bunnymen (read: big) and these guys have aspirations that match their sound. Sure, the album nails you with pop hooks, but is also book-ended by a pair of nine-minute behemoths, includes a reprise and is clearly informed by an academic love of the methods of motorik handed down by Can and Neu! Their Kraut bend is what makes Secret Machines truly specialwhile riding the autobahn (or whatever) they let it all come down into Spiritualized territory around them, getting bigger and bigger, exploding, yelling, "Oh you'd be surprised how we race! ... Maybe the rain'll stop following me! With millions of colors reflected in daylight! Right on the kick drum!" Their ear toward syncopation is as sharp as the RZA's (or at least Steely Dan's)... and if all that shit don't interest you, at least it's, you know, catchy. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

Link
www.worldwentdown.com
File Under
Disaster film music
R.I.Y.L.

Kid606, Jason Forrest, Venetian Snares Link
www.frenchkicks.com
File Under
Why yes, they can make it there
R.I.Y.L.

The Walkmen, Interpol, the Stills

Link
www.thesecretmachines.com
File Under
Pink eyes
R.I.Y.L.
Spiritualized, Can,
the Flaming Lips



Link
www.brainwashed.com/!!!
File Under
Get up and dance, punk

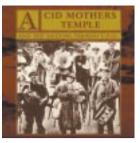
The Rapture, Gang Of Four, Out Hud

R.I.Y.L.

Louden Up Now Touch And Go

There's just so much to hate about !!!. Like the band's Brooklyn-scene confreres, the band's M.O. involves at least three widely discredited ideas. 1. Be pretentious—be really pretentious; like, don't even flinch when people refer to your band as "arty." 2. Fusion. 3. In applying the foregoing, be sure to drag the pond for obscure influences; this will make it clear that your goal, too, is to be "an acquired taste." Trouble is, anyone who's actually seen !!! play live has likely found it hard to maintain hatred while shaking dat ass at the same time.

Unspooling Clash-style punk to the point that you can hear the reggae influences that inspired the band in the first place, adding in new-wave basslines, disco beats and hip-hop scratch loops, then pumping the resulting concoction with all the messy, kinetic energy its eight members can muster, !!! live is all about the groove. The band's just not picky about where its groovalicious ideas come from, and on Louden Up Now, its big-tent approach reaps rhythmic bounty. Some of the vitality of the live shows is missing once the sound is down on tape, however, and shorn of it, !!! occasionally comes off like a jam band for hipsters. Which they are. Another reason to hate them, perhaps, but you won't be able to for long, so why bother trying?>>>MAYA SINGER



Link
www.acidmothers.com
File Under
Psychedelic Japanese
hippie cults
R.I.Y.L.

Hawkwind, traditional Japanese music, Fushitsusha

ACID MOTHERS TEMPLE AND THE MELTING PARAISO U.E.O.

Mantra Of Love Alien8

People tend to accuse Acid Mothers Temple of making head music—y'know, the kind of extended psychedelic jams and marathon guitar freakouts that lend themselves so perfectly to hallucinogenics. The band's latest record, Mantra Of Love, will do very little to change that impression, as its two long, exploratory tracks could easily serve as the sound-track to both the best and worst acid trip you've ever been on. The first, a traditional Occitan piece called "La Le Lo," starts with a focus on the beautiful, mellow vocals of Cotton Casino, but builds to at least two thundering crescendos

that fans of their last intense Alien8 album, Electric Heavyland, will appreciate. The second track, "L'Ambition Dans Le Miroir," is a 15-minute journey of spacey electronics and graceful guitar atmospherics that's both melodic and, well, totally otherworldly, man. This kind of psychedelic soundfuckery hasn't been huge in America since the '70s, and it probably won't be again anytime soon—to ears weaned on the three-minute radio single, the middle section of "La Le Lo" could be either mindblowing or, more likely, downright confounding. The laid-back pulse of "L'Ambition Dans Le Miroir" is just easy enough on the ears to be challenging without being threatening, but how big is the crop of people with the attention span to digest it? >>>BRAD FILICKY



Link
www.albumleaf.com
File Under

Chicago indie rock (from L.A., via Iceland)

Languis, Tortoise, L'Altra

THE ALBUM LEAF

In A Safe Place Sub Pop

L.A.-based guitarists aren't supposed to sound this Chicago: Jimmy LaValle's third solo LP as the Album Leaf, In A Safe Place, lies somewhere between the navel-gazing guitar-noise slabs of Tortoise and the delicate indie-rock strumming of Pulseprogramming, L'Altra, Hood and all the other enchanting artists on the Aesthetics label. But muddying this equation is the fact that In A Safe Place was recorded in Iceland at Sigur Rós' studio, adding a greater sense of ambient placidity than the Album Leaf's prior releases. At times, In A Safe Place is lone-guitar meditation

music ("Streamside," "Window"), but much of it gravitates toward contemplative pop, particularly "Thule," a plaintive electric-piano ditty kept in time by a soft trap set and muted string accompaniment. LaValle sings on this one, too, his deadpan, emotionless delivery further contributing to the sense that In A Safe Place is more Midwestern pastoral than coastal. Throughout "On Your Way," his dispirited and vacant warbling with Black Heart Procession's Pall Jenkins undercuts the pleasant, chiming piano and guitar melody wholesale, leaving the impression that LaValle's mocking the album's surface themes of personal comfort and emotional security. In A Safe Place's distinguishing quality, however, remains its captivating—and ultimately satisfying—quietude. >>>HEATH K. HIGNIGHT



Link
www.allthatremains.cc
File Under
Been there, done that
R.I.Y.L.

Killswitch Engage, Shadows Fall, God Forbid's *Gone Forever*

ALL THAT REMAINS

This Darkened Heart Prosthetic

Much like their Western Massachusetts brethren Killswitch Engage and Shadows Fall, All That Remains characteristically blend elements of American hardcore and Gothenburgstyle death metal. But the connection between these bands doesn't stop there—frontman Philip Labonte was once Shadows Fall's singer, and Killswitch Engage guitarist Adam Dutkiewicz produced ATR's This Darkened Heart, the follow-up to 2002's Behind Silence And Solitude. With that in mind, it's not surprising that ATR's second album is in the same vein as

their peers; it's packed with roaring vocals, double-bass kicks, shredding guitar assaults and obligatory breakdowns that keep the "core" in "metalcore." To the band's credit, This Darkened Heart isn't entirely made up of throaty growls with the occasional guitar solo and breakdown thrown into the mix: The band has refined their songwriting and developed more melody-driven tunes, including an acoustic-laden instrumental track ("Regret Not") and Labonte's recurrent (and sometimes abrupt) clean vocals (most notably in "Focus Shall Not Fail"). But while This Darkened Heart is an enjoyable effort—from the tranquil acoustic opening to the final teeth-gritting snarl—All That Remains doesn't really stand out among their more popular U.S. counterparts or their more innovative Nordic influences. >>>TRACEY JOHN



Link www.athlete.mu File Under Gold medal winner

R.I.Y.L.

Super Furry Animals, the Flaming Lips, the Beta Band

ATHLETE 🕕

Vehicles & Animals Astralwerks

The most remarkable thing about the debut album from British indie quartet Athlete is evidenced by a simple fact: Vehicles & Animals was originally released in the UK over a year ago (and nominated for the Mercury Music Prize, natch). By the time you make it halfway through the disc, though, you'll be swearing it must have been a misprint—the music just sounds that new. As bands often do these days, Athlete goes beyond conventional instrumentation, messing with electronics and kooky sound effects; however, they do it subtly enough

that it never feels unnecessarily experimental or becomes the focal point of the songs. In fact, if you don't pay close attention, you might be so distracted by the huge sunny choruses that you'd never notice there was a theremin going in the background, or that the song you're merrily bouncing along to is actually about race relations, for that matter ("You Got The Style"). That overall brightness is what makes picking highlights here next to impossible—the title track is definitely the most touching, "Beautiful" the most soaring, and "Out Of Nowhere" the most jaunty—but for sheer hooks, unforgettable melodies, and guaranteed smiles, you're simply spoiled for choice. >>>DOUG LEVY



Link www.atreyurock.com File Under

Melodic metalcore for bloodsuckers

Avenged Sevenfold, Eighteen Visions, Funeral For A Friend

ATRFYII

The Curse Victory

Never mind that Atreyu are named after a character in The Never Endina Story, or that they wear eye makeup and sing about vampires. The SoCal quintet's 2002 Victory debut, Suicide Notes And Butterfly Kisses, turned heads in the metal and hardcore scenes, and The Curse is sure to put them at the top of the growing list of bands that fall under the "metalcore" tag. With the help of producer GGGarth Richardson (Melvins, Chevelle, Rage Against The Machine), Atreyu's second disc offers more polished and mature tracks, brimming with downright catchy breakdowns, melodic sing-

along choruses and bouts of Swedish death metal-inspired riffs (particularly in "Bleeding Mascara"). The band's dual vocal delivery is better executed on The Curse, frontman Alex Varkatzas' acidic screams flawlessly entwining with drummer Brandon Saller's passionate, tuneful wails (even making lines like "Will you still kiss me the same/ When you taste my victim's blood?" just as poignant to us mortals). The Curse also takes it down a notch at times, letting Saller take the lead with his haunting, dulcet vocals in slower-paced tunes like "The Crimson" and "The Remembrance Ballad." All in all, Atreyu successfully fuse metal and hardcore to form a maelstrom of melodic aggression that doesn't need a label to define its potency. >>>TRACEY JOHN



Link
www.beastieboys.com
File Under
Hot beats... but pass the mic

R.I.Y.L.

The non-crappy songs on Hello Nasty, Treacherous Three, Jurassic 5

BEASTIE BOYS

To The 5 Boroughs Capitol

First things first-the Beasties have never made a bad record, homeboy. However, after hearing To The 5 Boroughs, MCA's jive about "I got more rhymes than I got gray hairs" ain't exactly preaching the truth. In the six years since the disco-breakin' Furious Three revisionism of Hello Nasty, things done changed: post-CoFlow indie dogma, Atmosphere's license to spill, Aesop Rock's illest communications. Basically, lines like "We shake 'em, bake 'em and then we take 'em/ treat MCs like leaves, go out and rake 'em" ("The Hard Way") don't sound like cool old-skool throwbacks anymore,

they just sound fucking retarded. Fortunately, they make up for it with a refreshing sparseness (15 tracks, only three songs past three minutes, no guests, all hip-hop, no afrobeat, no bossa novas, no exotica, no hardcore) and some amazingly hot beats. Even though this album is a supposed to be an ode to New York (isn't all their non-Paul's output an ode to New York?), most of the beats are downright crunk—sounding like Mannie Fresh fueled on Kraftwerk and Eurodisco. Bravado scratching from Mix Master Mike abounds, one track is built around a Dead Boys sample, spaceships land and caddies ride down Greenwich on 22s—musically, the Beasties do whatever they want and that's what they do best. Now, seriously, stop rapping. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN



Link
www.eeniemeenie.com
File Under
Do the evolution
R.I.Y.L.

Elliott Smith, later McCartneypenned Beatles, Sublime

BLUE-EYED SON (I) West Of Lincoln Eenie Meenie

Punk is dead, especially for Andrew Heilprin (a.k.a. Blue-Eyed Son), who recently exited pop-punk newcomers 40 Watt Domain, acoustic guitar in hand. Heilprin ventures into Elliott Smith territory on West Of Lincoln, trading punk's excited torrent for smooth melodic sailing. His breezy voice surfs gentle acoustic waves throughout the disc, translucently shimmering like Jeff Buckley's (sans flamboyance) or soothing like Nick Drake's. An adept backing band (including Tracy "Mother Mother" Bonham, his 40 Watt friends and former

Elliott Smith drummer Scott McPherson) ably complement Heilprin's gentle optimism. Heilprin comes to terms with himself across the catchy chorus of "Self-Fulfilling Prophecy," with its Sebadoh-like guitars and alternapop melody. "When I Come Home" bounces like McCartney's part on "A Day In The Life," making it so catchy that it's easy to miss Heilprin's lighthearted jabs at his disgruntled, couch-potato live-in girlfriend. Lincoln's best song, "Suffering Sea," shines with Heilprin's realization that "Everyone gets burned, eventually," befit with cellos and Rhodes piano, treading awfully close to sappy territory but managing to maintain his style. West Of Lincoln also features a heartfelt cover of Bob Dylan's countrified "I Threw It All Away" and a borderline gushy redux of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Time To Rise." By the end of Lincoln, it's easy to question whether singer-songwriter folk is the real post-punk. >>>KORY GROW

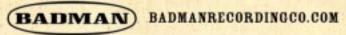
SUMMER JUST GOT BETTER.















Link
www.ipecac.com
File Under

Triplet peaks

Angelo Badalamenti, early Goldfrapp, Barry Adamson

BOHREN & DER CLUB OF GORE 🕕

Black Earth Ipecac

Exploring the darker half of mankind's heart, German ensemble Bohren & Der Club Of Gore bypass the über-dramatic trappings of metal and goth, instead exploring noir emotions through eerie lounge and jazz. Combining the stark ethereality of Felt Mountain-era Goldfrapp with the downtempo melancholy philosophy of doom metal's finest (their website links to Finland's Skepticism and Germany's Trouble), the band's subdued piano/sax interplay is comparable to the output of David Lynch soundtrack guru Angelo Badalamenti. Its name pays homage to the Dutch

instrumental group Gore (and "Bohren" means "drilling"), manifesting its sinister influence in Bohren's macabre music. A subtle sax solo, brushed drums and translucent piano adorn "Destroying Angels," which could easily conjure images of a seedy Humphrey Bogart film set in a smoky cabaret. The Raymond Chandler vibe continues on "Skeletal Remains," a programmatic exercise replete with another tasteful sax solo and gently cascading keys. Album closer "The Art Of Coffins" is a 12-minute requiem ranging from subterranean bass to largo hi-hat strikes and dark keyboard pads; you can almost feel that final breath escaping as the lid closes down. Black Earth aurally captures those hard-to-explain emotions like acrimony and remorse, while never coming across as pretentious. >>>KORY GROW



Link
newjerusalemmusic.com/danielson
File Under
Questions of faith and Famile

R.I.Y.L.

Daniel Johnston, the Shaggs,

the Polyphonic Spree

BR. DANIELSON

Brother Is To Son Secretly Canadian

Christianity can be creepy, with its original sin, brutal crucifixions and wine-to-blood communal ceremonies and whatnot. Which makes it all the more surprising that most of the music branded "Christian rock" is steeped in peace, love and joy. Daniel Smith understands that his faith isn't so one-sided, and that the path to enlightenment entails a lifetime of suffering. For Brother Is To Son, the first Br. Danielson album in nearly a decade, Smith again enlists the help of the Famile to imbue his cracked prayers with good ol' fashioned musicality. The banjos, pianos, bells and harps wielded

by his kin serve to flesh out Smith's raw acoustic strumming. This elevates tracks like "Things Against Stuff" above their banal lyrics ("Things vs. stuff cannot get along") and gives the best tunes a kinetic energy. Though Smith still spends most of the album singing like a 17th-century eunuch (think Ween's "Push Th' Little Daisies"), he shows new range on the album's intensely personal second half: "Hammers Sitting Still" sees Smith struggling with the seeming unimportance of his day job as a carpenter, while "Physician Heal Yourself" finds the songwriter lost in questions of faith, singing, "I can't understand the ways of my Lord." Most astounding is the album's closer, "Brother: Son," where Smith makes peace with his father amidst angelic choruses, thus proving that questions of Famile can be as unnerving and endearing as questions of faith. >>>ANDY DOWNING





Link

www.burningbrides.com File Under

 $\begin{array}{c} \textbf{Chopper rock} \\ & \textbf{R.I.Y.L.} \end{array}$

Kyuss, Monster Magnet, Queens Of The Stone Age

BURNING BRIDES

Leave No Ashes v2

Burning Brides have amassed an arsenal that's just raring to shock, awe and bang heads: Guitarist Dimitri Coats drops the high-watt power riffage while Jason Kourkounis strafes the ground with rapid-fire drumming and bassist Melanie Campbell keeps the woofer rumbling with bunker busters. But even the stiffs in the Pentagon know that your success on the battlefield doesn't depend on your stockpile as much as your intelligence and ability to adapt. While this Philadelphia trio boasts plenty of might, the first few songs on

Leave No Ashes are little more than rudimentary exercises. The codeine blues lines and gruff emoting would probably go over stupendously in a sweaty club, but on record, the post-grunge glory of it all seems a bit too derivative. Just when you think this fight might be lost, the Brides brigade displays impressive dynamics on "King Of The Demimonde," and on "Century Song," pulls together an impressive, swaying anthem that deserves to ripple through the rafters of Wembley Stadium. After a couple more tunes that solidify Coats' ability to pen a sturdy melody, he returns to relying on the rock-school chromatic riffs that Urge Overkill retreaded a decade before. Here's hoping that the next time out Burning Brides will allow themselves to rawk a little less. >>>NEIL GLADSTONE



www.cardigans.com File Under

Bitter-Swede symphonies

A Camp, Ivy, Aimee Mann

THE CARDIGANS 🗓

Long Gone Before Daylight Koch

The Cardigans are one of those strange musical phenomena: a band that soars to fame, only to find the spotlight taken away just as things are getting interesting. Their last album, 1998's Gran Turismo, saw them shrug off the cheery pop that made them famous, in favor of soul-searching melancholia with a cold electronic pulse. Now, following a break for solo projects (Nina Persson's A Camp and bassist Magnus Sveningsson's Righteous Boy), Long Gone Before Daylight finds the Swedish stars regrouped, refreshed and once again

resplendent. The disc marks a return to a more organic approach, signaling that main musicman Peter Svensson may no longer be as smitten with his samplers. But aside from a few bursts of light, things remain as introspective and pleading here as on *Gran Turismo*. "I've seen you/ I know you/ But I don't know how to connect," laments Persson on lilting opener "Communication," as the emotive power of the disc instantly sinks in. More upbeat moments, such as "A Good Horse" and "Live And Learn" do a nice job of countering some of the desperation, but the true beauty lies in the starkness and yearning of tracks like "Couldn't Care Less" and "Please Sister." And really, who needs a spotlight when you have such a natural glow of your own? >>>DOUG LEVY



Link www.lickingfingers.com File Under Help, I'm a rock! R.I.Y.L.

Camera Obscura (Glasgow), Mazzy Star, Ronettes, Mirah

THE CONCRETES

The Concretes Astralwerks

Crafting a pastel mix of Nico's croons and Serge Gainsbourg's ethnic pastiche, Stockholm's Concretes adorn themselves in nostalgic Farfisa organs and sugary yearning. Victoria Bergsman's jejune, curl-lipped vocals emote the kind of longing bored housewives felt 40 years ago (think pre-Soon-Yi Mia Farrow or Miss Justine Jones, sans Devil). Bergsman's anxieties permeate album opener "Say Something New," amidst a James-like vocal melody and the most inspired tambourine-and-guitar interplays since the Ronettes, or even the Byrds. While this disc luxuriantly excels in hopeful day-

dreaming (even more than 2000's Boy, You Better Run Now), it exceeds in kitschy, whimsical balladry like "New Friend" (audibly inspired by U2's "One") and the Roy Orbison-like "Diana Ross," which fetishizes Lady Di's "Love Hangover." "Warm Night" channels French bistro music somewhere east of Disney's "It's A Small World" and north of Dino's "That's Amore," thanks to its strummed mandolins and lush strings. The disc's apex, though, is yet another Diana Ross-referencing song, "You Can't Hurry Love" (not the Supremes song), rose-tinted with optimistic horns à la Burt Bacharach, and a hummable query about whether Bergsman's lover still feels the same for her. While a few indiepop gems shine on The Concretes, its blasé faux-'60s indulgences unfortunately blur the band's sheen, weighing the disc down like, well... concrete. >>>KORY GROW



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www.ormusic.com Or





Link
www.cutcopy.net
File Under
Back to the future
R.I.Y.L.
The Notwist, Daft Punk,
Depeche Mode

CUT COPY

Bright Like Neon Love Modular

Despite decades of creative symbiosis, man and machine often seem at odds within rock music. For traditionalists, the factions array themselves like warriors in a bad sci-fi flick: The gallant ape-men, bearing only righteous hearts and rudimentary tools (guitars) fight off the technobots who come to earth wishing to remix everything—everything!—to a four-on-the-floor dance beat. Granted, a universe of nothing but French House would indeed be a nightmare, but let's face it: Most music fans' hearts don't know the difference between digital and analog. Yet there is

something to the clichés of digital-versus-analog sensibility, and it's still rare to find artists whose aesthetic leans techno but whose spirit rings warm and true. New Order was the first band to master the trick of raiding souls on the club floor, and their heir is Dan Whitford, the talent presiding over Australia's Cut Copy. On his debut LP, Bright Like Neon Love, loops and synths and nudging disco beats engage a conversation with live riffs and melodies lifted from the folk-rock canon. Sometimes the debate is literal, as on the back-to-back versions of "Saturdays"—one electronic, one acoustic, both gorgeous. Other songs elude categorization entirely: "Autobahn Music Box" slips seamlessly between its Brian Wilson intro, shameless disco chorus and new wave everything else. Likewise, the album is its own creature, a Tin Man bursting with heart. >>>MAYA SINGER



Link
www.decomposure.com
File Under
Humdrum and bass
R.I.Y.L.
Matmos, Fennesz, To Rococo
Rot, Blue Man Group

DECOMPOSURE Taking Things Apart Unschooled

Like Matmos without the gross liposuction sounds or Nymphomatriarch without the gross fucking sounds, 21-year-old Canadian IDM sound deconstructionist Decomposure makes joyous glitchscapes out of the sounds of life. Call it "Plunderphonics of the mundane," since he crafts lush, danceable, intricate tracks out of some pretty humdrum shit. A Scrabble game with wifey turns into Stomp-worthy polyrhythmic tribal clatter of wooden tiles, some noise made by a shitty sound card turns into a killer-bee attack with much finesse[z], a truck rumbling by his win-

dow turns into a thunderous bassline. The guy admits to being unbelievably inexperienced in the world of experimental electronic music (he only discovered IDM in art school two summers ago), and even indie music in general (influences include Aphex Twin, Rockapella, Counting Crows and Switchfoot)—but his naïveté makes him gleefully plunder dangerously obvious things (a Bush speech, headphone-jack distortion), which actually makes the whole thing dangerously fun. This "new toy" atmosphere works best on tracks that actually feature new toys, like the appropriately titled "Toy DJ Playset" and "Piano/Toy Electronic Drumsticks," where the tiny, tinny speakers of gadgets scavenged at Toys "R" Us sputter and putter into fantastic oblivion. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN



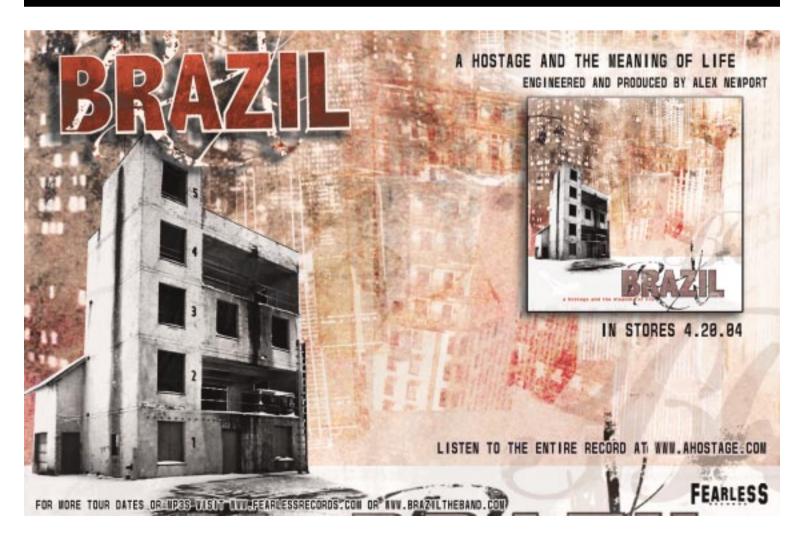
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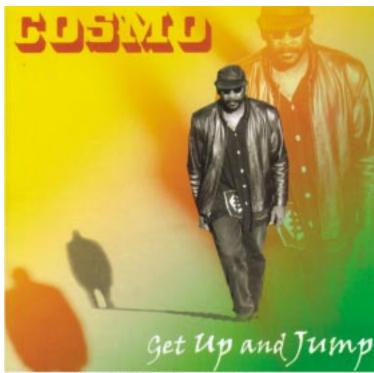
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Link
www.detachmentkit.com
File Under
Emo in the dojo
R.I.Y.L.

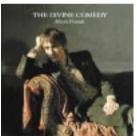
Wire, Les Savy Fav, Fugazi

DETACHMENT KIT

Of This Blood Frenchkiss

Like the mysterious ninja, the Detachment Kit have mastered the art of alternating between restraint and fury. Of This Blood continues where the Kit's critically lauded, but slightly flabby debut, They Raging. Quiet Army, left off, but shows a leaner, more mature band. Ian Menard's mix of talk/sing/shout vocals and guitarist Charlie Davis's searing, nervous riffs once again dominate, and will further endear the pair to fans. Blood's tracks follow a consistent structure—downtempo, melodic articulations appear, fester and complicate, finally erupting

into full-scale attacks. The songs are melodically heavy and often mathy, employing alternate time signatures and dissonant chord changes, with Menard and Davis' guitars moving from gaunt to meaty in the course of a few measures. Though smart, the Kit don't relapse into art-school posturing; these Chicagoans are enthused. This is clear in the blitzkrieg of stamping drums and banshee guitars on "Vanish Or Vanquish," the doomy, trudging "Roots Rock" and the intertwining guitar, vibraphone and Menard's indie-come-hither-howl on "Skyscrapers." The Detachment Kit reassert themselves as an ambitious, genre-blending duo on Of This Blood. And like the ninja's balletic wrath, they'll disarm and pierce you in a turn. >>>BRAD ANGLE



Link
www.thedivinecomedy.com
File Under
Baroque folk
R.I.Y.L.
The Magnetic Fields,
Scott Walker, Tindersticks

THE DIVINE COMEDY

Absent Friends EMI

If anyone wondered whether Neil Hannon would steer the orchestral steamliner known as the Divine Comedy back to familiar waters, they can find the answer right on the album cover, which features Hannon reclining over a luxuriously draped couch, resplendent in a green leisure suit. Such were the symbolic trappings of his career in the '90s, mixing droll wit, social satire, lush string arrangements and a knack for instantly memorable melodies. Having shed his dream of an actual band proper—which yielded mixed results on the last Divine

Comedy record, Regeneration—Hannon boldly takes the helm again. The result is a gloriously languorous return to his roots with an inspired collection of songs. "Come Home Billy Bird," the bizarre and fiendishly catchy tale of a business traveler trying in vain to get home, surreal in its banality, has the best shot at the airwaves. But the highlights are the more substantive and, unfortunately, less radio-friendly tracks like "Sticks & Stones" and "Our Mutual Friend," where Hannon's brilliantly meandering melodies easily inhabit the clever orchestral arrangements by long-time collaborator Joby Talbot. This is some of Hannon's finest work, and though his musical maturity is largely responsible, lines like "Her face is whiter than the snows of Hoth/ But on the inside she's a happy goth," make it clear that there's plenty of old-Comedy charm to go round. >>>KARL WACHTER





Link

www.thefeveronline.com File Under

Infectious releases R.I.Y.L.

The Faint, the Flesh, the Coral

THE FEVER

Red Bedroom Kemado

Stylistic shifts are part-and-parcel of the world of music making, but it's rare to see a band make a dramatic one prior to the release of its first album. 2003's Pink On Pink EP saw the Fever emerge from NYC as a punk-rock melody machine, their feet planted on the dance floor, but their heads lodged firmly in the back door of the seediest of rock venues. Red Bedroom, however, brings us a band that has reinvented itself as a more off-kilter, beat-and-key-driven boogie beast. Gigging incessantly over the last few years, the

Fever quickly developed a set full of fan favorites that would easily fill a full-length release. Instead of taking that path, though, the band went into the studio and crafted an album of almost entirely new material. Of its 12 tracks, only three ("Ladyfingers," "Put It On You" and "Labor Of Love") are holdovers from the original repertoire; in contrast, fresher compositions like "Cold Blooded" and "Artificial Hearts" take a more synth-heavy '80s approach, surprisingly evoking a screamier Duran Duran and Gary Numan, respectively. Some of the old reference points still come across though, especially when vocalist Geremy Jasper's beloved Beefheart shines through on the Coralesque "Hexxxed," and the group even manages to recall its own protégé, the Flesh, as it brings the bass up front on "The Slow Club." What it all means is that, while the Fever may have mutated, it still remains dangerously contagious. >>>DOUG LEVY



Link

www.pjharvey.net File Under

Stories from the workshop, sketches from the studio

R.I.Y.L.

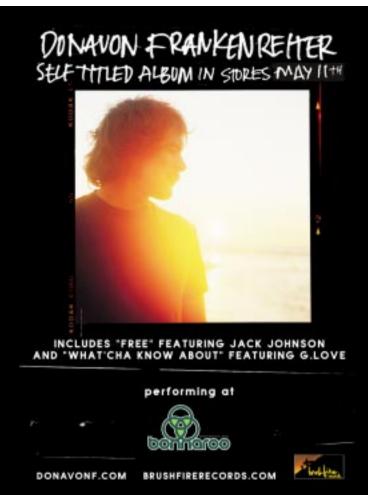
Kim Gordon, Nick Cave, Patti Smith

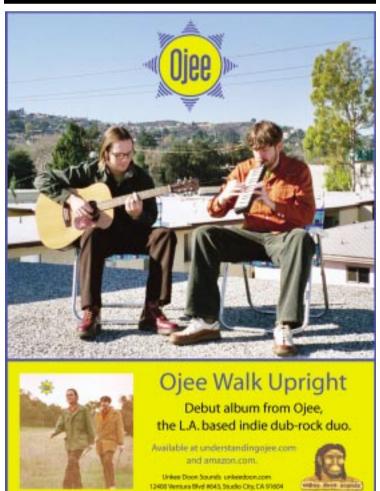
PJ HARVEY

Uh Huh Her Island

Each PJ Harvey album has worn a different guise, from the intensely personal Dry to the raucous Rid Of Me to the theatrical blues of To Bring You My Love to the glossy sheen of Stories From The City, Stories From The Sea. Uh Huh Her, Harvey's seventh album, is an anomaly: It's defined less by a coherent style than by the stripped-down arrangements of most of the songs, whether based on noisy electric or quiet acoustic quitar or the occasional pulsing loops. With the exception of drums from longtime cohort Rob Ellis and some incidental backing vocals, the album is pure Polly (she wrote and played everything); that

it often feels like a collection of demos (more so even than 1993's 4-Track Demos) is a little bit of a letdown, considering it's been four years since Stories. Still, Harvey is such a talent that even the sketchiest songs, like the mysterious, 68-second "No Child Of Mine," for instance, contain rewards. "I'm not trying to cause a fuss/ I just want to make my own fuck-ups/ I'm not trying to break your heart/ I'm just trying not to fall apart," Harvey sings on "The Pocket Knife," accompanied by little more than a quiet electric guitar and a tambourine. In their balance of introspection, desperation and independence, those lines are quintessential PJ and reason enough to dig into Uh Huh Her.>>>STEVE KLINGE







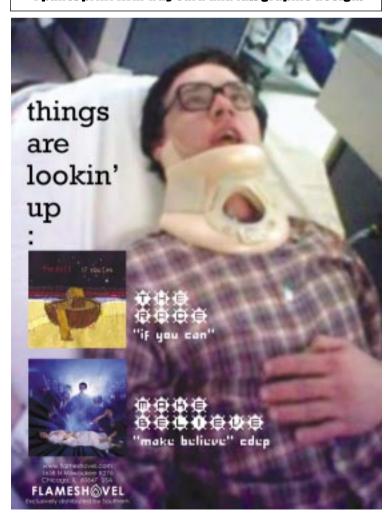
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File Under
Feeling brand new
R.I.Y.L.
Mary Lou Lord, Liz Phair,
Ryan Adams' Gold

JULIANA HATFIELD

In Exile Deo zoë

Ten years is an eternity for a musician. A decade ago, Juliana Hatfield was selling out shows with the support of a couple of hit singles (remember "Spin The Bottle"?) and a major label. Then she went indie and put out Gold Stars, a greatest hits and covers compilation. Now that she's got the past out of her system, she's turned out a personal, graceful and fun record. Alternately punchy and meditative, In Exile Deo is a little bit of singer/songwriter bliss. The song "Tomorrow Never Comes" meanders pensively around a land-scape of violin, quitar and Hatfield's

softest, breathiest voice. Moments later though, she shelves her sentimental side and belts out the heel-thumping "Dirty Dog," inviting her lover to drink her wine, blow smoke in her face and show up late, as long as she's not being completely taken advantage of. Overwhelmed by her own sassiness, Hatfield sings a little in the background over the wailing guitar and drums. She's making guitar noises, ones that are maybe not supposed to be picked up by her mic, but she can't help herself, and it's that sense of self-assuredness that makes In Exile Deo such a fun listen. In some ways it's all over the map, but who wouldn't want to travel with such a seasoned guide? >>>JESSICA HILBERMAN



Link
www.secretlycanadian.com
File Under
The calm before the storm
R.I.Y.L.
Grandaddy, Brian Eno,
Ugly Casanova

HAVERGAL

Elettricita Secretly Canadian

Anyone lucky enough to catch the bright but fleeting flash of brilliance in Havergal's 2001 full-length debut Lungs For The Race likely gave up hope in the years that followed, as Ryan Murphy's underappreciated one-man band completely faded from the indie-rock radar. Turns out he was becoming an architect, moving halfway across the country and writing new music the whole time—we just didn't know about it. Second chances being the American way, Havergal is back. The latest disc is an improvement on an already sound structure, making the most out of mini-

malist beats, patchwork electronics, melodic piano lines and an Isaac Brock-infused vocal drawl. *Elettricita* moves slowly but determinedly, with each premeditated riff or pattern repeatedly tumbling over itself until even the most natural of sounds resembles an endless loop. The music rarely rises above a whisper, but contained in the lull is a sea of slight nuances and narrative lyrics that unravel like the final hopes before an emotional resignation. The few expectations of Murphy that still exist will likely be sated after the first few tracks are done, and after that, the rest of the unassuming crowd should be lucky enough to find just what a treasure they've been missing out on. »>>PETER D'ANGELO



Link

www.hardwoodrecords.com File Under

A confident Canadian confides R.I.Y.L.

Leonard Cohen, Iron & Wine, Neil Young

HAYDEN

Elk-Lake Serenade Badman

Something happens to an artist after three or four quality records: The pressure for a successful follow-up has subsided, a fanbase has been procured, and the confidence level reaches an even keel. This isn't to say that Elk-Lake Serenade finds Canadian alterna-moper-cum-folk-rocker Hayden Desser phoning in his performance, but rather that the songs on his latest disc have an almost effortless groove that never reach for the shocking lyrical revelations or unnecessarily noisy crescendos he's toyed with in the past. Instead there are subtle explorations

in the mellowed-out style of 2001's Skyscraper National Park, slightly goofy acoustic ditties, and even a few tracks with an upbeat but relentlessly laid-back country feel. Desser's voice continues to alternate between a shaky Neil Young falsetto and his quiet guttural growl, both of which he's tamed over time, and his subject matter—confusion over relationships, longing for a movie star, even losing an ex-girlfriend to a bear attack—continues in his established style of mixing the exceedingly personal with slightly macabre fantasies. Ultimately there's something unique about this boy with a guitar, and as his oeuvre continues to grow, he's establishing himself as a consistent songwriter who hasn't stopped trying to be inventive. He just happens to have figured out what he wants from his music. >>>PETER D'ANGELO



1

Link www.jolieholland.com File Under

New teacher in the old school R.I.Y.L.

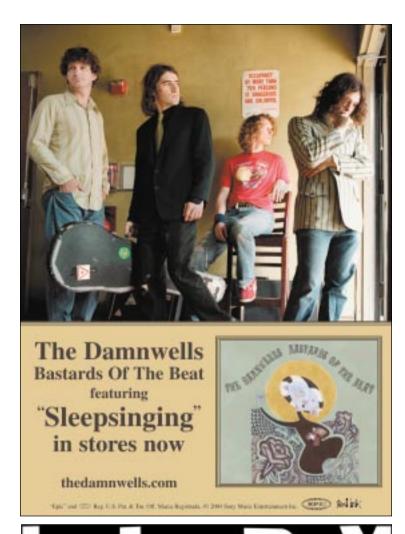
Gillian Welch, Hank Williams, Will Oldham

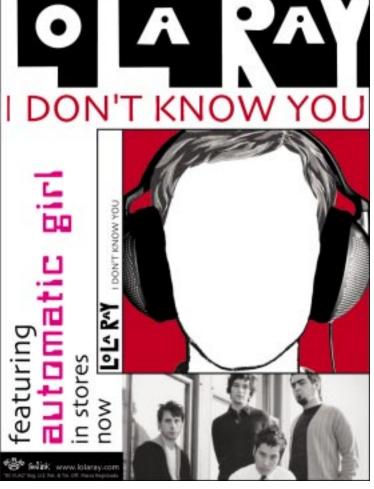
JOLIE HOLLAND 🕕

Escondida Anti-

Jolie Holland makes you proud to be an American—and not that jingoistic fighter-jets-soar-over-a-NASCAR-race kind of American. Think Tom Joad, Bessie Smith, Jack Kerouac, Loretta Lynn—risky, poetic, big-hearted, beautifully flawed Americans. As on her demo/debut Catalpa, Holland rarely looks past 1960 for her musical inspiration. If that sounds limiting, ask Bob Dylan whether he thinks it's been a drawback for him. She reaches way back to the 1860s for "Faded Coat Of Blue," a Civil War ballad, but in a way that makes you think of present-day

soldiers dying pointlessly and loved ones grieving deeply. What makes it work is Holland's Beat-poet melancholy and restlessness bounding around in all that jazz and blues and country (she's moved from Texas to New Orleans to California herself). The free-wheelin' "Goodbye California" makes you want to keep driving west into the Pacific in search of something more while her off-the-beat phrasing (compare to Billie Holiday if you must) chases you down and keeps you off-guard. The hazy fix "Old Fashioned Morphine" namechecks William S. Burroughs, with musical nods to Willie Johnson and the spiritual "Wade In The Water." Lyrically and musically, it's one of the simplest tracks on the record, but also the most revealing when you consider the profound mix of influences and references contained within. >>>STEVE CIABATTONI









www.snowpatrol.net



Link www.killswitchengage.com File Under State-of-the-art metal R.I.Y.L.

Shadows Fall, Overcast, **Blood Has Been Shed**

KILLSWITCH ENGAGE

The End Of Heartache Roadrunner

If future music historians want to know what metal was all about at the dawn of the 21st century, Killswitch Engage would be the band to study. Annihilating thrash riffs, passages of graceful melody and ace musicianship are woven together in a tapestry of brutality propelled by the vocals of singer Howard Jones, who can sing and shriek with equal passion and resolve. The band's latest record, The End Of Heartache-the first with Jones (who also sings for Blood Has Been Shed) and new drummer Justin Foley-continues to build on what they accomplished

with 2002's Alive Or Just Breathing. Guitarist, producer and musical prodigy Adam Dutkiewicz (who paid his dues in Aftershock) gets a deep and precise sound out of the band, each song coming through like a mini-epic that recalls both At The Gates and the best of sophisticated hardcore. If you attended last year's Headbangers Ball tour with Killswitch, Shadows Fall, Lamb Of God and Unearth, you witnessed the congregation of a building musical movement, and Killswitch is right at the forefront, advancing what it means to be metal. The End Of Heartache will remain one of the prime examples of that movement for years to come. >>>BRAD FILICKY



Link www.mattpondpa.com File Under Upbeat chamber pop R.I.Y.L. Elliott Smith. Rufus

Wainwright, Nick Drake

MATT POND PA

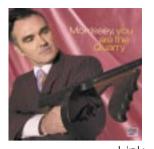
Emblems Altitude

"There's no way to the heart better than awkwardly," Matt Pond sighs on Emblems' opening track, "KC." He then spends the rest of the record, rife with refined sensuality, proving this statement wrong. At last, Matt Pond PA add a swagger to their signature brand of deliriously pretty chamber pop. Keep in mind that, despite the misleading bandname, this not just a breathy singer/songwriter with sweet-yet-sultry lyrics that tug on the heart-strings like α high-school crush—it's α whole troupe of band geeks who grew up to create unexpectedly sexy music. On

"Summer (Butcher Two)," Pond sings, in short bursts, "Saturday night/ Summer's here/ Under clothes, hands disappear." The staccato sweeps of Pond's lyrics make his voice sound like a bow drawing back and forth across a particularly articulate instrument in the band's seamless mini-orchestra. The record's most wistful track is "New Hampshire," baring an understated elegance akin to the melancholy of Nick Drake or Elliott Smith, but the band gets bold on this release, too. From the life-affirming and swingy "Lily" to the dramatic flourishes of "The Butcher," Matt Pond PA seem almost ready to soar into ELO territory, though they never rock out quite like "Sweet Talkin' Woman"—which is probably a good thing. This lush and lyrical record makes the perfect soundtrack for $\boldsymbol{\alpha}$ steamy, lingering summer. >>>KARA ZUARO



--- MonitorThis



Link
www.youarethequarry.net
File Under
Pomp and pompadour

R.I.Y.L.

Pulp, the Smiths, Scott Walker

MORRISSEY 🕕

You Are The Quarry Attack/Sanctuary

If a seven-year absence from recording is enough to inspire whispers of "comeback" even for personalities as prodigious as Morrissey's, then his seventh solo effort, You Are The Quarry, answers the call nicely. As those who count themselves as fans were hoping, this record is arguably one of the best of his solo years. Lyrically speaking, Morrissey is at the top of his game, and the incisive wit of his songs lives up to the promise of such pleasing titles as "The World Is Full Of Crashing Bores" and "I Have Forgiven Jesus." Yes, the perpetually

wounded provocateur is back and singing with the same passion and verve as he did on Smiths records nearly two decades ago. Standout tracks include the single-bound "The First Of The Gang To Die," an energetic and catchy ballad about a Mexican gang member (featuring a 'killer' chorus), and "Irish Blood, English Heart," where Morrissey lashes out at his homeland backed by a driving and raw guitar track that almost makes up for the absent Johnny Marr. But it's been too long to keep yammering on about the Smiths; Morrissey proves his solo relevancy once again with You Are The Quarry, and his black-on-the-inside fans now have one more excellent arrow in their slings with which to defend themselves against any detractors. >>>KARL WACHTER



www.thenewyear.net
File Under
Soothing the apocalypse
R.I.Y.L.
Bedhead, Low, Codeine

THE NEW YEAR

The End Is Near Touch And Go

"The end is not near, it's here..." So opens the latest from the New Year. Such doomed ruminations don't usually lead to a happy resolution, but in this case the vibe is slightly more optimistic than their proclamations let on. Born from the ashes of slowcore artisans Bedhead, the New Year is a quiet, lagging, beautiful entity that, while steeped in drones and whispers, is still a rock band at heart. Moments like the noise-riddled and BPM-impaired guitar freakout at the end of "18" just hint at the technical interplay on their sophomore disc, but the unobtrusive

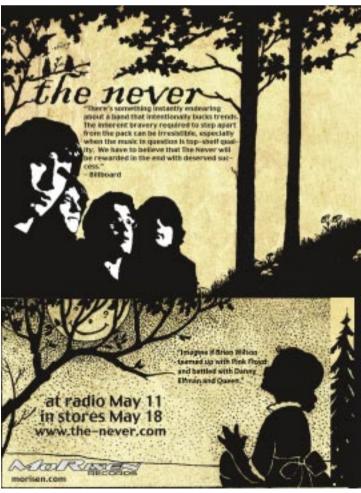
and subtle arrangements are the real highlight, leaving room for the refreshingly straightforward musings of singer Matt Kadane. It's certainly a somber affair, with songs about uncomfortable parties, illness and generally sullen introspection, but Kadane has a rare melodic delivery that floats atop the shifting undercurrents. Add in the fact that the music is comprised almost completely of traditional rock instrumentation—i.e. none of the theatrical and ambient noise that so many of their peers use to complement and enhance a slow musical burn—and the resulting *The End Is Not Near* pulls off the rare coup of being drearily paced yet fully captivating for its duration. Pay a little bit of attention and you won't be able to tear yourself away from it. >>>PETER D'ANGELO

OLD CROW MEDICINE SHOW

O.C.M.S

Featuring "Wagon Wheel"





Brian Eno:

original masters

the early works

He co-wrote with David Bowle on Low. Heroes and Lodger, was a founding member of Roxy Music, as well as the producer of U2's The Joshua Tree, Achtung Baby, Zooropa, All That You Can't Leave Behind, Talking Heads' Fear of Music, Remain in Light, Devo's Q: Are We Not Men? A: We Are Devo! and many more

But that's just part of the story.

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Taking Tiger Mountain By Strategy

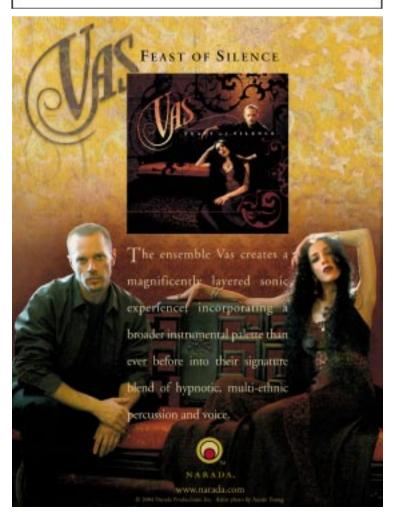




Before And After Science







A.C. NEWMAN

The Slow Wonder Matador

FANCEY

Fancey March

Link www.matadorrecords.com File Under

Pop genius without his accomplices R.I.Y.L.

Guided By Voices, Zumpano, Zombies' Odessey And Oracle, the New Pornographers



Link www.fancey.org File Under

Wish it could be 1974 again R.I.Y.L.

Sloan, recent Belle And Sebastian, the Polyphonic Spree,

A.C. (Carl) Newman is the tactician behind the New Pornographers, a band that somehow got saddled with a supergroup label before most fans heard its members' prior efforts. Newman works the program backwards with The Slow Wonder, a solo disc whose lighter vocals, Zombiesinspired harmonies and reliance on acoustic guitar and piano more closely resemble his earlier outlet, Zumpano. It's easy to imagine the effervescent "On The Table" and the jaunty "35 In The Shade" as New Pornographers demos-not coincidentally, these tracks feature Wonder's liveliest drums and prominent female vocals. At times you wish Neko Case would drop by and belt one out, although Vancouver scene pal Sarah Wheeler provides a suitable facsimile deeper in the mix. Rather than the Pornographers' trademark bombast, Wonder's spare, patchwork sound bears the earmarks of a man-and-his-studio project. "The Battle For Straight Time" and "Better Than Most," relying on classic guitar patterns, bring to mind the 10cc, Kings Of Convenience homespun vibe of Bee Thousand-era

Guided By Voices. Newman could pass for a genteel Robert Pollard, spiking his infectious melodies with a mischievous streak—he relegates the lead riff to cello on the disc's rockingest track, "The Town Halo," and delights in the twisted syntax of titles like "Drink To Me, Babe, Then." Without scaling the dizzying heights of Mass Romantic or Electric Version, Newman has crafted a brainy power-pop record that's nearly their equal.

Todd Fancey was the final cog in the Porno wheel, signing on after "secret member" Dan Bejar eschewed its touring regimen to focus on his own Destroyer. Since Fancey writes none of the Pornographers' tunes, it's not surprising his solo effort is a pop confection of another sort. While the New Pornographers are lauded for old school radio-ready hooks, Fancey nods to the true staples of early-'70s hit radio (think Starbuck's "Moonlight Feels Right," Ace's "How Long") rather than the cooler tunes we wish had inculcated those airwaves. Fancey is a paean to the redemptive powers of radio and music itself. "When I listen to music, I get high," he croons on "Dial Jupiter," and a few tracks later he's celebrating the joys of driving to α "Rock And Roll Rhythm." It's all delivered with α heavy dose of pre-new wave soft-rock keyboards and without a discernible trace of the smirk that seems to underpin his other band (only the harp flourishes of "Til The Morning Comes" verge on parody). Wheeler extends her British Columbia tour of duty, sounding sweeter here than on Newman's disc, and more central to its lite-FM aura. For those with a high saccharine tolerance, Fancey is a polished and often endearing style exercise. >>>GLEN SARVADY



Link
www.mute.com/pansonic
File Under
Technoid ambient opulence
R.I.Y.L.

Vladislav Delay, SND, Aphex Twin

PAN SONIC

Kesto Mute

There's a temptation, when approaching a release like Muslimgauze's ninedisc Box Of Silk And Dogs or Pan Sonic's four-disc Kesto, to place it upon a pedestal purely because it sees the light of day. Its sheer immensity seems laudable in itself, never mind the actual musical content—its size warrants all matter of allowances for flawed or indulgent execution, production, focus and scope. That's not entirely true of this fifth album by the Finnish duo of Ilpo Väisänen and Mika Vainio, as the majority of Kesto pushes Pan Sonic's experimental technoid sound beyond

any boundaries that might have hemmed them in previously. The first of this four-disc set sees Pan Sonic within the noisier territories of their early works, with three versions of "Mayhem" riding hard on martial sägezahn techno beats and abrasive radio static. The second and third discs descend into unstructured sound trials on par with fellow Finn Vladislav Delay, hinting at the duo's longtime interest in pushing field-recording fodder outside its normal context. The final disc, an exquisite if deafeningly quiet 61-minute track, comes perilously close to the microtonal experiments of Richard Chartier and Ryoji Ikeda, more about silence than the sounds themselves. If one fault can be found in Kesto, it's the overwhelming amount of music we're intended to digest in a single release. >>>HEATH K. HIGNIGHT



Link
www.theracemusic.com
File Under
Slow and steadier
R.I.Y.L.

Pinback, Radiohead, Dismemberment Plan

THE RACE

If You Can Flameshovel

The Race's 2002 LP The Perfect Gift was the sound of a band finding its way, reconciling Chicago math-rock roots with a Radiohead digital melancholy future. Put plainly, it showed a band that had good ideas but wasn't exactly sure how to execute them. The past two years have been well spent: The band has taken some pretty impressive steps, and If You Can is a markedly more focused effort. The band's ditched the math-rock touches and opted for a sound that approximates Pinback giving birth to Kid A; Craig Klein's vocals, the hit-ormiss point of The Perfect Gift, have

smoothed out (relatively speaking). The band's also gained a much firmer grasp on establishing a mood: "Ark Again" casts the slow death of a relationship over a single guitar and bass, winding in a confounding time signature; "Sinking Feeling," the album's standout track, conveys a lost floating with lightly touched pianos, a buoyant bassline and Kevin Duneman's broken, polyrhythmic drumming. Production from one half of Chicago electronic duo Telefon Tel Aviv gives the proceedings a perfect digital sheen and fills up the tracks with welcome ear candy, like the sampled ride cymbal that breaks free of the rhythm and bounces around "The Hours Eat The Flowers" or the swamp of echoes that punctuates the payoff of the title track. The Race has found their way; once they get there, they'll really give you something to cry about. >>>TOM MALLON







decomposure. taking things apart (out now)

By painstokingly crafting his own naises virtually land in some cases, literally) from scretch, he makes must of contemporary electro's point-and-click white kids lack like they're not even trying. Organic electrosical? Who knew? Solendid Magazine

Decompositions clever soric seconstructions ston you with their choosic consolutions. The Souttle Stranger

An intriguing release, both oesthescally and conceptually, "Toking Things Apart" shawcase Decomposure's tolent in approaching noises of the everyday and transforming them into fascinating sonic escapacies. Modequare

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www.unschooled.com



THE WINNERYS And...The Winnerys

Mersey-beat laden guitar pop with guitar textures that are clearly 21st century — likened to labelmates The Siniges — also bringing to mind Squeeze. The Yachts and The Dentists — and Beatlesque is an understatement!



THE WAXWINGS Let's Begin Our Descent

Think 70's Rolling Stones with multi-part harmonies — a pinch of Buffalo Springfield, a dash of Stone Roses and a smattering of Buzzcooks, Teardrop Explodes and Echo and The Bunnymen.



ROCKFOUR Nationwide

Time out New York called their debut 'Another Beginning' "... a mixture of Byrds, Bowle and Floyd." The new album continues in that vein, evoking The Cars and ELO, with guitars alternately chiming and blasting atonal squalls like Sonic Youth and Fripp.



THE LACKLOVES The Beat and the Time

The new album has surpassed even the Lackloves' Starcilybaby for sheer melody, harmony and songcraft -- but with a more muscular, polished and psychedelic effort which will put a smile on any Rainbow Quartz fan.



THE CONTRAST Fade Back In

"Tom Vertaine meets Tom Petty, infused with the lyrical anger of a younger Elvis Costello -- oh, and there's plenty of jangly Rickenbackers as well." - Popmatters.com

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www.rainbowquartz.com



Link
www.definitivejux.net
File Under
Hip-hop?
R.I.Y.L.

Automato, DJ Shadow, Boom Bip

RJD2 🕕

Since We Last Spoke Definitive Jux

It's Round Two of the Musical Fight of the Century—White Boy Indie Hip-Hop Revolutionary (RJD2) versus Establishment Hip-Hop—and the judges are calling another draw. In the quest to stuff Definitive Jux's superstar boy into an oversized hip-hop ring, the mainstream press is unable to settle on whether to prop RJD2 or dog his ass like other white hip-hoppers. So let's ditch the hype: Since We Last Spoke, like its lauded predecessor, 2002's Dead Ringer, employs rabid use of samples, breaks and downtempo vibes like Missy or Snoop. But coming to the

purely subjective does-it-feel-like-hip-hop question, Since We Last Spoke steps off the street beats for what might otherwise be called traditional musicality. "Since "76," the album's shining star, pulls in Cubano horns and contemporary salsa threads to turn out a hot little number that's sure to swing with the Latin-lovin' crew—but with no bling. The follow-up track, "Ring Finger," miscegenates gogo guitar with a trap set mixed like the cool-bop grooves of Joe Morello—again, no bling. Anyone hoping RJD2 would distance himself from that other White Boy Indie Hip-Hop Revolutionary, DJ Shadow, will be disappointed by the title track's surfer-rock 'n' breaks catchiness. It's clear RJD2 is bobbin' and weavin' better than most, so perhaps the real bout is raising expectations of hip-hop beyond the mediocrity of mass commerce. >>>HEATH K. HIGNIGHT



Link www.sloanmusic.com File Under

Music for Stacy's mom R.I.Y.L.

Urge Overkill, Spoon, Teenage Fanclub, Redd Kross

SLOAN (I)

Action Pact Koch

Since 1991, Canada's Sloan has been exporting fantastic pop-drenched rock platters that have received little American appreciation or recognition. Perhaps trying to break that trend, the fiercely independent foursome decided to forsake their long-standing setup on their seventh studio effort by hiring their first full-time producer, Tom Rothrock (Badly Drawn Boy, Beck, R.L. Burnside). The result is a streamlined Sloan—a lean, mean poppy rock machine perhaps aided by a shift from their Toronto home to Rothrock's Los Angeles studio. Action Pact is heavily

influenced by two of the biggest B-monikered pop bands in history, the Beatles and Big Star, yet it manages to steer clear of copycat syndrome. Sloan ain't no School Of Rock vehicle parked in the past; they rock like the present is the only moment that matters. The double-barreled wallop of openers "Gimme That" and "Live On" prove that: Both are straight-ahead, big dumb rockers of the first order. But Sloan can also bring the cheeky, chiming charm of Teenage Fanclub on Action Pact, along with an angular New Wave bent reminiscent of Spoon. Other stellar additions include "Reach Out," the propulsive "False Alarm" and the charming "Fade Away," which closed out the Canadian-released version last year. >>>JEFF BROWN



Link
www.sonicyouth.com
File Under
Flexing their snarl

R.I.Y.L.

NYC Ghosts And Flowers, My Bloody Valentine, Sleater-Kinney

SONIC YOUTH

Sonic Nurse Geffen

Sonic Youth have made their career an American indie rock institution—and on their 19th full-length in 23 years, they're obviously nowhere near tired. The new Sonic Nurse is a salve for anyone aching for some good noise; a far cry from 2002's Murray Street, their sad and quiet response to September 11, this record bares rage and sass as an emotional direction. They're back to being the Sonic Youth of a few years ago, innovating and surprising with every turn, but always retaining the personality we've come to know and

love. Pretty foreground music is coupled with whiny, discordant sounds in the background, making listeners rethink first impressions. Sonic Nurse leans heavily on Kim Gordon's jarring but endearing vocals, and delivers more cultural satire and attitude than even Daydream Nation: In the oxymoronically titled "Peace Attack," Thurston Moore sings of a "reminder of the great empty hate, springtime is wartime." But it's clear elsewhere that the real war the Youth are waging is against bland pop: Songs like "Mariah Carey And The Arthur Doyle Hand Cream" and "Pattern Recognition," written about Justin Timberlake and the corporate music beast, show that Sonic Youth has a bone to pick—and they plan to suck it dry. >>>JESSICA HILBERMAN



Link www.kenstringfellow.com File Under

Animals strike serious Posies

Dear John Letters, John Vanderslice, Roddy Frame

KEN STRINGFELLOW

Soft Commands Yep Roc

Known for his body of work with the Posies and more recently as a touring and recording member of R.E.M. and Big Star, Ken Stringfellow's musical pedigree has always revealed an almost preternatural penchant for pop. On his third solo album, Soft Commands, it might come as no surprise that Stringfellow checks in with a batch of contemplative and irresistible pop numbers—what might catch you off guard is that the batch contains elements of dub and reggae and some are partially sung in French. Of the latter, the gentle phrasing of "Je Vous En

Prie," which finds Stringfellow declaring, "All religion can sound like weeping," brings to mind Leonard Cohen. Meanwhile, "You Become The Dawn" begins as a signature Stringfellow pop number and wanders seamlessly into reggae territory, while the companion track, "Dawn Of The Dub Of The Dawn," featureing Gaffa Man, is a smooth glide into dub. Elsewhere, the piano ballad "Known Diamond" is heartbreaking and simply gorgeous; "Any Love (Cassandra Et Lune)" is an acoustic gem; and "When U Find Someone," which looks like it could be a Prince B-side, has an orchestral Pet Sounds feel. The strength of Soft Commands is that Stringfellow is a poised and gifted singer and the hooks come in with rolling, unexpected flourishes. >>>ALEX GREEN



Link www.usroughnecks.com File Under

Fuck the cops, oi and broken-tooth smiles R.I.Y.L.

Agnostic Front, Murphy's Law, Whiskey Rebels

U.S. ROUGHNECKS

Twenty Bucks And Two Black Eyes Helicat

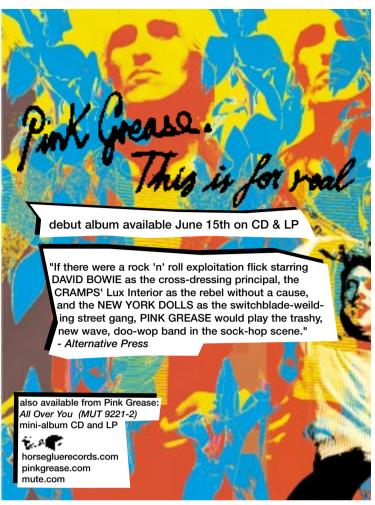
Helping to rescue the kids from Good Charlotte and Hot Topic banality, the U.S. Roughnecks funnel their love of beer/hatred of cops into a scowling, squared-jaw debut. All neck tats, snarls and West Coast attitude, the Roughnecks' blend of hardcore revival ditches the goofy fedora-ska-dance aspects of Rancid, opting to follow in the boot-steps of former Epitaph cousins Agnostic Front. Though less aggressive than Agnostic Front or eastcore staples Murphy's Law, the Roughnecks still serve up a stout batch of tunes, loaded with guttural vocals, hurried chord progressions and rockabilly-tinged guitar

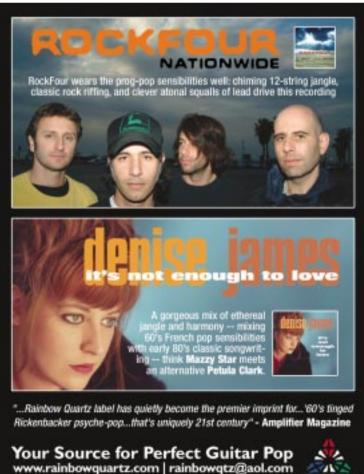
hooks. Bassist Big Jay (one of Lars Frederiksen's Bastards) joins these Sacto toughs as they trudge through 13 songs which, lyrically, can be reduced to the following statement: "We are not those kind of skinheads, but we do relish liberty, booze, makin' noise, brass knuckles, and sticking it to the big boss man." The Roughnecks have chosen a fitting form for their straightforward content: Look to the raucous stomps "Skinhead Blues" and "Serve And Protect," the tinge of ragged rockabilly in the riff-driven "Saturday," the urgent bass and utterly snotty guitar run on "No Justice," or the catchy football-chant chorus of "Midtown Nights." Twenty Bucks And Two Black Eyes finds the Roughnecks charging fist-first from track to track, pushing mall-punks to the gutter on the way. >>>BRAD ANGLE





LERBALL







Link
www.rachaelyamagata.com
File Under

Broken and blissful ballads R.I.Y.L.

Fiona Apple, Carole King, Leona Naess

RACHAEL YAMAGATA 🕕

Happenstance RCA Victor

There are some grand, polished pop moments on Rachael Yamagata's debut CD where she's not playing piano, her prime instrument. Even after just an EP, she's already trying to show she's not from the same mold as Tori Amos or Fiona Apple. She makes a good case mainly because her vulnerable voice is actually her most compelling instrument; it whispers, cracks, howls and flutters in all the right places. In some cases it's the sexiest, most life-affirming thing you've ever heard. In other places, you know she's just wants to die and never leave

home ever again. The string-laden "I'll Find A Way" is a beautiful, broken and delusional look at a love she'll never get back. It's definitely heart-on-sleeve stuff, but Yamagata's musical and lyrical ideas avoid bland key clanging and overly-confessional lyricism. With Carole King and Stevie Wonder on her shoulder for the charmer "1963," Yamagata proves she's got the range and taste to rise above the Lilith set. A hidden track at the end features a one-mic, one-take performance (this time with Rachael on guitar) that suggests that scaling back the production a wee bit next time might reveal an even greater talent. >>>STEVE CIABATTONI



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www.stonesthrow.com/ynq
File Under
Beauty with a beat

Zero 7, Stevie Wonder, the Verve Remixed series

R.I.Y.L.

YESTERDAYS NEW OUINTET

Stevie Stones Throw

Stevie's short history goes like this: DJ/producer Otis Jackson Jr.—who is Yesterdays New Quintet when he's not Madlib, Quasimoto, one half of Jaylib or Madvillain or a third of Lootpack—crafts a vanity series of beat-y instrumental Stevie Wonder recreations. Quickly bootlegged, Stones Throw rushed Stevie out in 2002 as a promo release with a tracklist Jackson apparently couldn't hang with. The 2004 version loses the original's mystery, but the continuity gained by trimming three interludes makes up for it as Jackson reinterprets the familiar and arcane of

Wonder's wildly eclectic 1970's canon. Wonder's rhythmic textures get the biggest makeover, a choice that works for two reasons: First, no instrument could anchor these compositions with the emotion Wonder's voice evoked; and second, because the push-pull tension of cuts like "Superstition" blueprinted the build-build-release trick in every DJ's crate. From funk workouts like "Too High" to the nuanced jazz of "I Am Singing," Stevie showcases both Jackson's talent and his reverence for Wonder's genius, which is all you can ask for in a record like this. >>>CHAD SWIATECKI









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